National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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THE NEEDS OF THE SOUTH—LAND FOR THE FREED PEOPLE.

LETTER FROM MR. C. STEARNS, OF GEORGIA.

BOSTON, July 19th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

DEAR SIR:—I hope you will excuse another attempt on my part to enlighten your readers in reference to the necessity of lands being obtained for the Southern blacks. Having undertaken a long journey, on purpose to appeal to Northern people upon this subject, you will excuse my pertinacity in again doing so. If some abler pen would discuss the subject, I should be better pleased than to be under the necessity of doing it myself. You have racy correspondents from here and Washington. Cannot they be persuaded to write upon this subject, as well as upon caterpillars and kindred topics? If you had seen what I have been compelled to witness for three years past, you would also cry out upon this subject, until some feasible plan was adopted, to supply this terribly pressing want of the black man. Since I wrote you last, the Memphis Convention has been held, and its decisions forbode a still more gloomy future for the poor freedman. The enemies of our cause are even now chuckling over the proposed measure, and exclaiming with childish glee "didn't we tell you so, the black man is bound to go to the wall." Yes, he will go to the wall with an absolute certainty, unless something is speedily done for him. I am aware that it is proposed introducing this subject into the next Congress, as an additional hobby for politicians to utter their bombast upon; but when our last Congress adjourned, without heeding our long and maddened cry, which came up from all parts of Georgia, how can we reasonably expect them to do anything upon so ultra a measure as confiscating the lands of the rebels? They *never* will do it, mark my word. Congress will fiddle while Rome is burning. You can get no measure before it, unless you have money with which to back your efforts. It is in vain to look to Congress to remedy this evil. You might as well expect your legislature to legislate against the "lobby." Now that Thaddeus Stevens is dead, I doubt whether a single man in Congress could be found to advocate the measure. All gigantic enterprises have a beginning. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth" in the case of Kansas. In 1854, a few determined men left New England on the forlorn errand of attempting to keep Slavery out of Kansas. After years of untold suffering they succeeded, and the formation of the Republican party was one of the fruits of their heroic labors. Then a few years later occurred the election of Lincoln, followed by the War, and soon then came the abolition of Slavery.

Now if the formation of the New England Emigrant Aid Company, in ten years saved this Nation from the yawning gulf of Slavery into which it was fast dropping, who can say that the formation of the "New England Southern Land and Emigration Society" shall not in a like number of years save the South from the terrible anarchy into which it is fast falling? Let any one look over the the files of your paper for only a few weeks past, and what a direful record greets the eye. "Murders in Texas, assassinations in Georgia, outrages of every kind in Mississippi and perfidy and treachery in Virginia.

Are not these records as full as they were before the war? And what is the remedy proposed? Give the Negro the ballot, it is said. Well, has he not got the ballot, all over the South? When I first heard of this Congressional plan of receiving the South to our arms again, if she would only give the Negro the ballot, although living at the South I opposed it (not the ballot) believing it then, as I do now, to have been a premature movement. The Southern States should never have been offered restoration to the Union upon any such terms; and to-day life and liberty all over the South are more in danger, than they were previous to the passage of the Reconstruction acts. The Negro in our State has gained nothing by it. As soon as Congress determined to *adopt* this plan, not wishing to be obstinate, I acquiesced, and labored for its adoption in our State, contrary however to my own judgment as to its beneficial effects. I knew the rebels would not keep their faith with the Government, and they did not, I was elected to a responsible office in our county, which gave our party complete control of the county, by a majority of more than three to one; but to this day I have never been allowed to take my seat and perform the duties of the office. A terrific mob met me at the very threshold of my judicial life, and for two days with terrible persistence, made it optional with me to abdicate the office or die in the streets. No power on earth could *then* have saved my life if I had not quietly withdrawn from the scene of conflict. When I appealed to the acts of Congress as a reason why I should be allowed to have the office, a fiendish cry arose from the infuriated mob, "d——n Congress—it is only a rump Congress." No other officer elected on that ticket fifteen months ago, has ever occupied his position. The rebels rule, law or no law, being as Paul says, "a law unto themselves."

But the past cannot be retrieved. The colored man holds an empty bauble of a dazzling exterior in his hands. He turns it around and around, and looks at it on every side, exclaiming with pleasing simplicity, "now isn't that a nice thing," and begins to dance with joy; but suddenly a fiery snake issues from a hidden cavity in its side, and with forked tongue and glaring eyes darts at its victim, who soon falls a helpless creature writhing in his agony.

Now, give him some land, and he can arise from the dust, crushing the serpent's head with his free foot, and burying his carcass upon his own soil. Do you say I am fanciful? I tell you, Sir, that the moment it is noised abroad in our county that I have returned from the North with means to obtain land for fifty black men, such a shout of triumph will ascend from the 2,000 cabins of that county as will carry dismay to the heart of every rebel within its bounds. My life may be the forfeit of my success, but if I die the blacks will get the land, and with Lord Nelson I can say, "I die happy;" but if I return defeated in this darling object, such a wail of anguish will arise from every dusky heart, as will cause tears of joy to roll down every rebel cheek. A treasurer for our funds has been selected, viz., the Hon. Samuel E. Sewall, a name honored by long years of faithful service in our holy cause, and of whose integrity not a shadow of a doubt was ever raised. Send on then your money, wealthy friends of the cause. My address is 517, *not* 507 Washington street. Yours truly,

C. STEARNS.

"FRIENDS" AMONG THE INDIANS.

LETTER FROM SUPERINTENDENT SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

From the Friends' Intelligencer.

OMAHA, 6th mo., 10th, 1869.

A COUNCIL HELD WITH THE WINNEBAGOES.

B. HALLOWELL—*Dear Friend,*—I transmit to thee herewith an account of the proceedings of my first council with the Indians. It was held with the Winnebagoes, and Edward Painter who was present took notes of what was said, giving the substance of the speeches. I have since held councils with the Omahas and the Pawnees, and intend to send thee some account of them as soon as I have time. My time has been very closely occupied, so much so that I had to write nearly all last First Day in order to inform the Commissioner of Indian Affairs of the condition of things at the Winnebago and Omaha Reservations.

The former of these tribes are entitled by a *law of Congress* to an allotment of 80 acres to each family in severalty, which the Secretary of the Interior is required to have assigned them. Thou wilt observe by the proceedings that their objections have been removed and they have agreed to accept it. They wish it done forthwith, in order that they may have some of it broken up this summer, so as to be in a condition to plant next spring. It ought to be ploughed within 60 days if possible.

The Omahas are entitled *under a treaty* to 160 acres to each family, and 40 acres to each male over 18 years of age. They also wish it laid off immediately for the same reason, and are willing for their own money to be used in surveying it and fixing the corner-stones, as there is no appropriation for it by Congress.

I was very much interested in reading thy letter of 6th mo. 3d, and am glad the President has determined that every agency in this Superintendency shall be filled by Friends. I am well satisfied with the nomination of Howard White, and hope he will come soon, for his presence is much needed.

I agree with thee in thinking that the hand of Divine Providence is manifest in the events now transpiring. I believe good will be done, but perhaps not so speedily as some may expect. It takes a long time to change the habits of a people.

I wish I could have a good long talk with thee, and hope to have that pleasure this summer. A man here has engaged to build a house to rent to me, and to have it ready by *the 10th of next month.* The cellar is just dug. This is a fast place, and I have got to scribbling so fast that I fear it will be difficult for thee to read it. This evening I am to see some persons who incline to unite with us for Divine worship. There are many here connected with Friends by birth, or who have associated with us. Thy cordial friend,

S. M. JANNEY.

PROCEEDINGS OF A COUNCIL HELD WITH THE WINNEBAGO INDIANS AT THE RESERVATION IN NEBRASKA ON THE 2D OF SIXTH MONTH, 1869.

The chiefs and head men, with many other Indians and some of their squaws, being assembled in front of the Agent's house, the council was opened by Col. H. B. Denman, the former Superintendent, who said to them (in substance) through an interpreter: Your great father at Washington has sent to you in my place, as Superintendent, Mr. Janney, a member of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, who have always been the friends of the Indians. The Friends are spread through all the States, and some of them are near the seat of Government, where they will be able to exercise much influence, and to protect you better than I have been able to do.

ADDRESS OF S. M. JANNEY.

Brothers,—I am glad to have an opportunity of speaking to the Winnebagoes. I have always felt a deep interest in the welfare of my red brethren, and I am now come to tell you that I wish to do you all the good I can. I know that many wrongs have been committed by white men against the Indians, and that in times past the Government has not been always just in dealing with you; but I feel assured that your great father at Washington, who now executes the laws, intends to protect you in your rights, and to do you all the good in his power. He has been a great warrior, but has declared that his policy toward the red man is peace. As a proof of this, he has appointed for his Commissioner of Indian affairs, General E. S. Parker, the chief of an Indian tribe, who will watch over your welfare, and he has sent your friends to act as Superintendent and Agents.

Brothers, I do not come here to make you many promises that I cannot fulfil. It is best to make few promises, and always to keep them. You know that we cannot always prevail on the great council of our nation, the Congress of the United States, to do all that we would wish for the Indians. They have a great deal of business on hand when they meet in Washington, and the just claims of the Indians are often delayed too long. We hope they will do better hereafter.

I am informed that one of your complaints is, that the 80 acres of land to be allotted to the head of each of your families, under a law of Congress, is too small, and that you are unwilling to accept it. I acknowledge it is too small; but I wish you to consider that you hold as your common property the whole of this beautiful and rich reservation. If each family should have a patent for eighty acres, to plant and to build a house on, you would still have the remainder for your common property as you have it now; you could still cultivate the large field together as you do now, and we will do all we can to have a law passed by Congress to convey to every one of you a larger tract. If you do not accept what is now allowed you by law, we fear that at some future time white men will want your land and try to take it from you. I advise you to accept of the 80 acres now offered to each head of a family, build a house on it and enclose it with a good fence, have your deeds recorded, and place your title beyond the reach of those who may covet your land.

I am glad to find that you have a code of laws, a police to keep order, and a court composed of your chiefs, to act as judges. You must obey the laws and punish wickedness of every kind; abstain from drinking intoxicating liquors, keep clear of stealing and fighting, and then you will live in comfort and grow strong; but if you indulge in drunkenness and other vices, you will grow weak, as a people, and dwindle away.

You know there is a Great Spirit who made all things. He loves all men, and blesses all who are good. He sent His Son Jesus Christ into the world to show us the way of truth. If we keep His commandments, He will protect and bless us here; and after we are removed by death, He will make us happy forever; but if we are wicked, we must suffer for our sins in this life and in the life to come.

The Great Spirit has placed in every one of your hearts a teacher to show you what is right. When you do right, you feel happy; but when you do wrong, you feel troubled and ashamed of yourselves. We all have this teacher in our hearts, and when we listen to it, we are taught by it to love one another and to do good to all.

I wish to speak to you about the treatment of your women and the education of your children. It is said that some of you have more wives than one, and that you feel at liberty to put away your wives and take others. This is all wrong, and causes much contention and unhappiness among you. The Great Spirit in the beginning made one man and one woman from whom all mankind have sprung; and we know that nearly an equal number of boys and girls are born into the world, which shows that it was not intended for a man to have more than one wife. A man should love his wife and be faithful to her. He should not impose heavy burdens on her and require her to work while he is idle. He should not abuse or injure her. A woman should love her husband and be faithful to him; not provoking him to anger; but by gentleness and goodness try to keep his affection.

Your children, if trained up in virtue and industry, will be your greatest blessings. In order to make them good, you must treat them well and set them a good example. I am glad to find that you are sending them to school. They should be taught to read and write and to keep accounts, which will make them fit for business, and they should be taught to work. You must prepare yourselves to become citizens and learn to be good farmers, mechanics and traders; then you can provide yourselves with all the comforts of life. You have a beautiful and rich country; you want houses to live in; and the great father at Washington will, I hope, give me the means to help you; but you must do all you can to help yourselves.

SPEECH OF LITTLE DECORIA, CHIEF OF THE WINNEBAGOES, IN REPLY TO SAMUEL M. JANNEY'S ADDRESS.

Father,—We are very glad to hear what you have said; much that our father has said has been told us by the father we had before. Father, the code of laws we have made amongst ourselves is very good, and your advice about the allotment of our lands is also very good. We want to take your advice and get our allotment of land before you leave. In case we have the eighty acres allotted to us now, we will want the eighty acres additional after a while, and in a few years we will probably have children enough to occupy all our land. We want to live as you advise us, and act as you desire. Father, we are very glad to have a preacher to preach to us—we all want to think of God, and desire that He may give us grace and happiness. As you mentioned Jesus Christ to us, we think He has not come so far as the Indian, and it is therefore, we suppose, that we are poor. I am a half part French—as I was born so, I live with the Indians as I am. When I put on the coat and pants, I desired to become a Christian, and I told the great father I would never take them off. I want now to tell you about my visit to Washington. When I took the Commissioner by the hand, I told him I wanted to make peace with all men. I started to Washington from Crow Creek. I went to Washington to ask a great many favors of them. I did not sleep at all until I got there, though it was so far. I told him that the United States was a great farm. I told him to put me under his arm and to be always my friend. He said he would be my friend forever, and promised me a great many things, and that he would always give me money about this time of the year.

Father, he also told me that my clothes were not good, and that he would give me clothes about this time of the year, and that he would give me the same kind of provisions that he had himself. I said I would adopt his rules, and he said he would give me all kinds of farming implements. Father, he promised me houses, too, like this house where we are, and that the same kind of houses should be for all the families; I should also have stoves and dishes and all things to live like white people. He also agreed to give me hogs, and sheep, and chickens when we were divided up into families, as he advised us. He said he would apportion our lands amongst us, but that has not been done. He also said he would give us ammunition to defend ourselves when we were attacked. I did not ask this favor from our great father for nothing. We had sold our lands to him, and we had a million dollars of ours in his treasury. Father, as you came here so soon, we were somewhat surprised. We did not expect you so soon, but we would like to have the 80 acres you advise us to take divided amongst us. We have been poor for the last five years. We have now hardly any clothes. The last time goods were divided we hardly got one shirt apiece. We are hard to freeze, but last winter we were nearly frozen for want of clothes. You see the young men around you,—they have hats and clothes such as you wear. You see we want to wear the same kind of clothes you do, but we can't get them. Some of us have to make hats of grass. We would like to have clothes enough such as you have. Father, you advise us to work ourselves and not ask our women to work. We want all of us to work, and we want the great father to give us the means to work. We know how to plough and how to cultivate our land, and to make fences, and all of us want to work. I told all of this to the great father when I was in Washington. I told him the annuity money was a small sum; I could buy needles and pins with it, but could not support my family by so little money. Father, when we work we want greenbacks for our pay; but when we go for money, we are told it is away back, or at Omaha. They want us to take orders, but we want greenbacks for our pay. Father, the old-time Winnebagoes told us we had eleven hundred thousand dollars in the treasury, and the annuity money for this was to be given to the Indians, so that they could learn to work. The great father told us that when the annuity money was paid it was to be opened on our own Reservation and nowhere else; but we learn that part of the annuity money last year was divided somewhere else. We hear money was paid to some half-breeds in Minnesota. We want our new father to inquire about this. Father, we are told also that about $500 is to be drawn this summer for the same people. When I heard this money was to be paid them I was very sorry. We are going to do as our new father advises us about making our living. This is all I have to say now. We would be glad to have our 80 acres, as you have said, and to have a patent for it. I hope you will not live far from me; I will be glad to come and see you.

Reply of S. M. Janney to speech of Little Decoria.—A new father will be sent to your Agency before long. I have to tell the Commissioner at Washington about your wants. I will come to see you again when the new father arrives here.

Another Indian.—When our new father comes we want the money and the goods that have been promised us.

S. M. Janney.—I do not want to promise too much—I will do the best I can for you.

ASSASSINATION IN ARKANSAS.

CAPT. HAYNES, COMMANDER OF THE ARKANSAS MILITIA, MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD—HE IS RIDDLED WITH SHOT—TWO ACCOUNTS.

ANOTHER assassination of an ex-United States officer by Rebel desperadoes, occurred last evening, Thursday, July 15th, at the little town of Marion, the capital of Crittenden County, Ark., which lies across the Mississippi from Memphis. Capt. A. J. Haynes, formerly a gallant officer of the 3d Colored Cavalry, was shot in the back and instantly killed, without a word of warning, by Clarence Collier. It appears that Capt. Haynes had just returned from a trip to Memphis, had stepped out of the hack which runs from Mound City to Marion, dropped into Justice Wilson's office for a moment, and started to walk home to his place, a mile or mile and a half distant. On the best of terms with all the citizens of the county, he had no apprehensions of danger. Collier, who had apparently been lying in wait for him, came out from a grocery on the opposite corner of the street Haynes was leaving, and, without a word of warning, drew a bead upon him with a double-barreled shot gun and fired. The charge took effect in Capt. Haynes's left side. The assassin instantly discharged the contents of the second barrel into his back. The Captain fell upon his face a corpse. But the vengeance of the brutal fiend was not satisfied. He advanced toward his prostrate victim and emptied his revolver into his dead body, riddling it with balls. Two lodged in his head. The assassin coolly returned to the grocery whence he had issued to do his bloody work, received his coat, it is said, from the hand of Gilbert Dowell, mounted a horse, evidently prepared for the occasion, and rode out of town undisturbed. It is reported that, beside Dowell, John McClung and Capt. Click were in or about the grocery referred to during the assassination. These men are also reported as having left the town as soon as the excitement began to spread. The citizens rushed out on hearing the reports of the shot gun and pistol, but had not recovered from their consternation ere the assassin was beyond their reach. The colored people, who were warmly attached to Capt. Haynes, some of whom had served under him in the army, frenzied with rage, seized any arms at hand, mounted themselves as best they could, and followed the trail of the murderer. They were out all night, and are still hunting him in the canebrake in the southern part of the county. The Sheriff gathered a posse, armed them, mounted them, and started for the river, expecting that Collier would attempt to effect a crossing to this side of the Mississippi. The whole country is on the alert and apparently sincere in their determination that the cold-blooded murder shall not go unpunished. Clarence Collier, the assassin, is a young man, only about twenty-one years of age, of slim build, weighing about one hundred and thirty-five pounds, with black hair, dark eye-brows, and a small dark moustache. As young as he is, it is said that he has killed no less than five men. It will be remembered that young Bethell, a son of our well-known citizen, P. C. Bethell, was killed by him a year or so ago. We are informed that Haynes and Collier had never had any hard words. Collier, having been connected with the Ku-Klux, as alleged, fled from the county when the militia came, but when the militia left he returned and assured Haynes that he had returned to live peaceably with all men. The relations between them are understood to have been of an entirely friendly character. Indeed, we are assured that Capt. Haynes was living on apparently the most friendly terms with all the citizens of the county. He interfered with no one, and since the advent of the militia was molested or threatened by no one.

The above is a plain account of the assassination as we find it in *The Memphis Post. The Memphis Appeal* glories in the murder of Haynes, heading its account "Haynes, the Highwayman," and refering to him as "the late infamous commander of Clayton's militia." Its story of what it styles a "rencontre" is as follows:

Collier was in McClung's grocery, where he had previously left his double-barrelled shot gun. He had been fishing in the morning, and had not caught any fish, and expressed his determination to go squirrel hunting. Taking his gun, which had been loaded with buckshot for some time, he started out of the grocery and walked toward his horse, which was hitched a short distance off, remarking as he did so, that if he "couldn't catch any fish he intended to have some squirrels." He had hardly said this when he encountered Haynes, who was walking down the street. As soon as Haynes saw him he stopped and put his hand behind him as if to draw a pistol—a habit of his, by the way, whenever he met any of the young men, several of whom (and Clarence among the number) he had recently threatened to shoot on sight. As soon as he observed this motion of Haynes's, Clarence dropped his gun to a level and fired, pouring a load of buckshot into his left side. Haynes did not fall, although terribly wounded, but turned and faced Collier, still attempting to draw his pistol. As he did so Collier poured the other load of buckshot into his breast and body, and he fell to the earth, calling for help. Collier on this took his gun, which was now empty, in his left hand, and drew his pistol, being then five or six paces from Haynes, and fired one shot at him, the ball taking effect in his body. He cocked his weapon again and leveled it at his victim, but the cap snapped. A second attempt was, however, more successful, and the pistol exploded, the ball striking Haynes in the head and producing instant death.

TEXAS.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Flake's Galveston Bulletin* writes from De Witt County, Texas: "Again is this and the adjoining counties thrown into a wild state of excitement by the appearance in day time and the sound at night of large bodies of armed men riding to and fro. At last that point, beyond which it is said forbearance ceases to be a virtue has been reached, and our oldest and best citizens have drawn the sword and thrown the scabbard away, and say they will not desist until our country is purged of the thieves and desperadoes who have so long been preying upon their stock. The real wealth of our Western country had become common property, regularly organized gangs of horse thieves were quarantined upon us, one half the beeves raised upon our prairies were stolen, in vain have our citizens appealed to the law, swift witnesses were always at hand to prove an alibi, or swear them clear. Gradually have things been drawing to a focus. Simultaneously almost have the people risen in the surrounding counties, and a day of reckoning has come. Horrible as this state of affairs is, there was no alternative, and the war of extermination has commenced, and, from the cool and determined character of the leader, I imagine will not cease untill these pests of society have been rooted out. On the 2d instant, two noted characters, Jim Bell and Bill Morrel were shot on the Colleto, in the lower part of De Witt County. Many rumors are afloat of others in different directions being killed, but owing to the dread existing, men say but little."

THE LATE ELECTION IN VIRGINIA.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

STAUNTON, Va., July 19.—Permit a regular subscriber to, and reader of, your daily paper, to occupy a small space in its spacious columns in disabusing the minds of your many readers of the false impressions which seem to have taken possession of many earnest Republicans up North. There were two parties and two factions of one party in the contest just closed. The first, the old Republican party, which had stood by Congress in the long contest with the President and the Democracy; and the other, the same old Rebel party which had opposed Congress and the Reconstruction acts; the same party which met the Copperhead Democracy of the North in Convention in New York City, and there solemnly enacted that the Reconstruction laws were "unsurpations, unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void;" the same old party which supported Seymour and Blair, and denounced our patriot President as a low poltroon, a drunkard, and a "butcher." The first party was led by Gov. Wells, who was a gallant soldier in the war for the maintenance of the Union, and who since the war, has been an open and earnest supporter of the Republican party and all its measures for the government and rehabilitation of the South. The other party was led by Gilbert C. Walker, who never did anything *for*, if he did nothing *against* his country in its hour of trial. I have been in all the Republican Conventions which have met in this State since the war, and have never *heard* of him as a Republican. But I *did* hear of him in 1867, when he was a Conservative candidate for the State Convention, and was beaten by Dr. Bayne, a colored man. This shows he was considered and voted for as an anti-Reconstructionist as early as 1867. In his speech here he is reported to have said that the government of the South is only such as could have emanated from the "devil and a Radical Congress." This sounds *very* much like a "*true* Republican." I do not desire to abuse Mr. Walker or his supporters, but to tell the whole unvarnished truth, no matter who may be hurt thereby.

Undoubtedly the most important question now being discussed by the public press is the Virginia election. Therefore it should be well understood. It must have a great influence upon your Fall elections, and this influence will be to the detriment of the Republican party if *The Tribune*, and *Times*, and other leading Radical journals espouse the cause of Walker. Our election acts as a chilling frost upon the Republicans, but if to this is added a Democratic victory in Ohio and Pennsylvania, it will be worse than the life-destroying blasts of Mid-Winter. But potent as this influence may be, it will be impotent in comparison to the overwhelming effect it will have in the South. And this, not only in "districts" which are yet to hold elections, but upon the States already restored to the Union. Ere the next Presidential election rolls around, the South will be a unit under Democratic lead, and will present a united front in favor of *Repudiation*. What effect this will have upon parties, it is easy to see, but none the less to be deplored. It is therefore most important that the governments of the Southern States should be in the hands of those who love and cherish the Government of the United States, and not in the hands of those who must in the nature of things, detest it, or are unprincipled traitors. In either case it is not wise to trust them. What would you think of a business firm, like that of *The Tribune*, which would keep in place an important agent who had designedly well nigh ruined it, and who rejoiced in what he had done? And yet this is precisely what is proposed to be done with Virginia. It is now expected that the government of this State is to be placed in the hands of the same class of men who engineered it out of the Union, and strewed its fertile fields with the lifeless forms of the brave men who gave their lives that the Union might live. If such a proposition had been made the Boys in Blue while the war was waging, they would at once have laid down their arms and returned home. I certainly would.

But, Mr. Editor, permit me to say a word as to the origin of the Walker party. It is no Republican party. Not a whit more than the devil is an angel because he sometimes robes himself as one. He is the same cloven-footed devil. And just so the Walker party is the same old rebel party, though it is perched upon a platform of true Republican principles.

In the Petersburg Convention which nominated Wells for Governor there was no fault found with the platform. The Walker movement originated in *personal* hostility to Gov. Wells, and not in the proscriptive policy of his friends. Many of his supporters were all the time *opposed* to the test-oath and disfranchisement features of the Constitution, while the originators of the Walker party, with one exception—Rye, Gilmer, "Yankee" Allen, Hunnicut, and Butts—were the most proscriptive of the Radicals. And not one of these "conservative" Republicans would join your humble correspondent in the caucuses of the Republican party in his efforts to induce that party of its own free will to oppose proscription. But, with almost fiendish glee, they took up the declaration of the late lamented J. M. Botts, "Now that you have a rein on the Rebels, hold it!" and with it made the welkin ring. Wells was duly nominated, and something must be done. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of the Republicans were for Wells; therefore it was idle to expect much support from the Republican party. Hence a platform palatable to the Rebels, with candidates not specially objectionable placed thereon, must be framed. Nothing could be found more talismanic than "Universal Suffrage and Universal Amnesty." "Universal Suffrage" they knew was a fixed fact for the present, and "Universal Amnesty" was too glittering a prize not to be contended for. Visions of Lee presiding in the White House, and Jeff Davis and Toombs and Stephens figuring in the Senate, rose before their bewildered minds, and the beautiful picture totally obscured the few carpet-baggers and scalawags who had conjured it up. Once more the palmy days of the Confederacy were about to return, and the leaders met in Richmond and withdrew the regular Conservative candidates. This self-constitnted body of dictators did not recommend Walker to the people of Virginia; they are not officially committed to him or his platform, but returned home, after holding a consultation with the four originators of the Walker movement and commenced to dragoon and browbeat the people of Virginia into his support. The people were not quite so quick-witted as they, and when they (the people) saw a Republican platform, with reputed Republicans standing upon it, they believed it meant Republicanism, and they loathed and contemned it, as they always had done. It was not long before the veil was lifted, and behind this Republican throne was beheld the power much greater than the throne itself, and the people became jubilant, and then earnest, and then intensely enthusiastic in favor of this hybrid Republican party. And why, pray? Because the patronage and power of the State would pass into rebel hands and pockets, and the mantle of office would fall upon rebel shoulders, and there was yet a chance to be rewarded for services done for the "Lost Cause." At once the people saw that a Governor and Lieutenant-Governor were nothing in comparison to the horde of State and County and municipal offices which would fall to their share. And they were right. Just to think of it! All the judges of this State and the prosecuting attorneys and the magistrates are to be men who do not hesitate to speak and show their animosity toward the Union men (native and foreign) and the negroes. And, then, all the officers who are to carry ont the orders of the courts and the magistrates, are to be men who fought for the "Lost Cause," and whose animosity to everything Union, not excepting the flag, is still undisguised—nay, gloried in. And to top the climax, every officer, whether of high or low degree, is to be of the same kidney, so that wherever a Union man may turn his eyes, they rest upon one broad expanse of rebel office-holders. Sir, I would ask you if this State is to be turned over to this class of men, and the Union men are to have the finger of scorn pointed at them, and are to be proscribed from business, where is their reward for having stood by and served their Government when it needed friends? Are they to be driven from their homes and impoverished, that the rebels may be propitiated? Are they to be abandoned and betrayed by their Government, that the howlings of the rebels after power and place may be satisfied? Virginia restored under Walker, with a Rebel Legislature, will produce just such a result—nay, much worse.

Having shown what the Walker party is, and why the rebels voted with it, I will now show what they propose to do, and can do, with the power they have acquired. The contest just closed was prosecuted under the guise of Republicanism, because it was essential to recognition by Congress. Of course, this Legislature, if permitted to assemble, will adopt the XVth Amendment, and the XIVth too, and will then elect anybody to the United States Senate, if necessary to secure recognition. Everything will be made to bend to this. It is all important. But after that what then? In his Liberty speech, and at many other places, Mr. Walker declared that, if he was elected Governor, with a Legislature not radical, the County Organization clause of the Constitution need never be enforced. As he and such a legislature as he desired are elected, what will be done? Of course this article of the Constitution will be expunged by amendment. Now, what is this article? The President would not submit it to a separate vote, because he was induced to believe it essential to a system of universal free schools, and so it is. This is the first act. The Rebel Legislature of 1865-6 passed a vagrant act, which our military authorities considered of such a heinous character that they suppressed it. What is to prevent its being put into operation? In fact, with the removal of the military it will go into operation? This is act the second. The provisions of the Constitution in regard to free schools gives the Legislature until 1876 to put them into effect. Long before that time they will be materially altered. As evidence that I am right I will state a plain case to your readers, and then draw a reasonable conclusion therefrom. There are 115,000 colored voters in this State. Not more than 15,000 of them can read or write, leaving 100,000 who can do neither. They pay into the Treasury not more than $1 to every $1,000 of revenue collected. Now, as the Conservatives, or Whites, own all the property, and pay all the taxes, and have all the power, is it reasonable to suppose that they will *tax themselves* to educate men whom they heartily wish in Africa, or anywhere else but here, and who, they consider, degrade by possessing the franchise? Therefore there will never be universal free schools in Virginia. They may give the colored people a school fund in proportion to the taxes they pay. This is practically nothing. They forget the duty and the gratitude they owe this people. They forget that their ignorance and their poverty is due to the fact that their earnings went to educate and enrich others. And they will *continue* to forget it. This is act the third. And now for the fourth and last act of this tragedy. All these changes in the organization of the State may not be made at once. But they are already in embryo, as Walker has publicly pledged himself to commence at once upon the county organization. *Suffrage will be limited to those who can read and write.* Mark my prediction. But the reader may say, How can this be done? Men who now vote will not vote to deprive themselves of the franchise. I answer, 1st. They will have *exclusive* control of the election. This is *something*, as you have learned in New York. 2d. The whites are in a large majority—25,000 at least—and they are more susceptible to the pride of race than the colored people. 3d. The same *power* which induced colored men to vote for Walker, will compel them to vote for such an amendment to the Constitution. It *can* be done. It *will* be done. What is to prevent it when the State is once recognized by Congress? I have been told by several Conservatives—the eleventh hour Republicans and supporters of Grant—that they favored such a course. This is what reconstruction means under Walker. Nothing less most certainly. Where then will be "Universal Suffrage and Universal Amnesty?" That I have not mistated the rebel animosity to the equal rights of the colored men I send you one of their electioneering documents. It was used most extensively, and shows how *honestly* they have accorded equal rights to all men, and how the bad passions of men were appealed to in the late election. The final picture represents a County Court if Wells was elected, composed of part white and part colored men, with a colored man as prosecuting attorney, who seemed to be very pompously examinating a delicate *white*

female witness. And underneath of it are these words, "*White men! see your fate!*" The other picture represents a *mixed* free school. Here the white and negro children are mixed together, while a negro man is conducting the school, who is represented as *spanking* a *white* boy most unmercifully. Under this *beautiful* and *truthful* representation we find the mothers of Virginia appealed to thus: "*Matrons of Virginia, what say you to this?*" Such is the "true Republican Grant Administration party" headed by Walker. Their bitterness toward Union men is increased by their success, and they now treat them with less consideration than ever, because they feel that they are getting into power. How will they act when that power is secured beyond question? If this is Grantism, then I am not for Grant. If this is the "my policy" of this Administration, then I do not swear by it. I repudiate it as I repudiated the "my policy" of Andrew Johnson. To style such a party *Republican* is "stealing the livery of Heaven to serve the Devil in."

A REPUBLICAN.

A REMARKABLE COOK.

THE ship Puritan, Capt. Knowles, now loading at this port for Melbourne, has a colored man on board in the capacity of cook, whose general character and acquisitions are so remarkable in a person of his race as to attract considerable notice from all who have become acquainted with his career. His name is William E. Newmais. He was born in Attleborough, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and is 34 years old. His father was a pure African, who was held as a slave until 16 years of age, and his mother was an Indian woman. He bears in person and feature the strongly marked characteristics of the Ethiopian. In early life he was taken into a Quaker family, by whom he was placed at school during eight years of his boyhood, and subsequently learned the occupation of a farmer and is thoroughly informed in its various branches. For the last ten years he has followed the sea as cook in vessels employed in the mercantile trade, and it is in this business that he has shown his peculiar character for sobriety, manly conduct and a disposition to master the difficult problems of navigation. Sailing some years ago with a drunken shipmaster, whose first mate was laid up by sickness, and the second mate entirely ignorant of navigating a vessel, which for the time being was left much to her own course, the thought occurred to him whether or no he might not himself acquire the art, and from that day to the present he has not failed to gain by every opportunity a thorough knowledge of navigation. Alone and unaided from any quarter he pursued his work, getting information slowly but surely, until he finally accomplished the task, and he is now considered by Capt. Knowles and others as good a navigator as sails out of Boston. If all the officers of the ship should from any cause be disabled from duty, he would be fully competent to take her into port. And all this has been wrought out in a cook's galley, without instruction except what can be gained from his books, charts and instruments. He can work out a lunar observation with his sextant with the utmost ease, and besides he is in other respects quite an intelligent man. During several voyages he has been in the habit of receiving as pupils in navigation three or four of the crew, and they have made considerable progress under his tuition.

Adjoining his galley on board ship is a small stateroom for his use, in which are placed his chests, etc., all of which is kept in the nicest order, while his cooking apparatus is neatness itself, suggesting methodical habits and cleanliness. He is quite an interesting person to visit, and takes pleasure in showing his ocean home to all who may call upon him. He has sailed with Capt. Knowles for the past eighteen months, but he hopes this will be his last voyage as cook, as his chief ambition is to become a master of a vessel, and for this purpose he practices economy in many matters in order to obtain a sufficient sum to enable him to purchase an interest in some craft of which he shall be the commander. His amiability, sobriety, and general good conduct has gained him friends among shipmasters, who look upon him with much favor and are disposed to promote his interest and aid him to win success upon that "troubled sea" to which he seems so strongly attached.—*Boston Journal.*

To the Editor of the Standard:

The young man referred to in the above extract has been a boarder in the Sailors' Home, No. 2 Dover street, for several years. And I can endorse all that the *Boston Journal* says with regard to his character and efforts to qualify himself for shipmaster.

WM. P. POWELL,
Superintendent.

THE IMPORTATION OF COOLIES.

WASHINGTON, Sunday, July 25th.

THE Secretary of the Treasury is in receipt of a letter from the Collector of Customs at New Orleans, covering a communication of William McCreery, relative to the importation of coolies into this country, and asking for instructions of the Department. He replies, McCreery mistakes in stating that the act of February, 1862, prohibiting American citizens from engaging in the coolie trade, has been abrogated. On the 16th of January, 1867, a resolution was passed unanimously by both Houses of Congress, expressing the abhorrence of the people of the United States for the coolie trade; and in conformity with this resolution Secretary McCulloch addressed to the Collector of New Orleans the letter of the 19th of August, 1867, of which a copy is inclosed. The additional article (5) to the treaty between the United States and the Chinese Empire, concluded on the 28th of July last, and which now awaits the action of the Emperor, reprobates any other than voluntary emigration, and agrees to make it a penal offence to take Chinese subjects from China without their free and voluntary consent. The Department of State, by circular of the 17th of January, 1867, addressed to Ministers and Consuls of the United States, directs that the Consul at every port where coolies may embark be required to certify, after full examination, that such embarkation is not forced or procured by fraud, but is voluntary, and requires that such Ministers and Consuls use all the authority, power and influence of their command toward preventing and discouraging the carrying on of the traffic referred to in any way. Such being the facts in the case, the Collector is authorized and directed to use all vigilance in the suppression of this, as the secretary says, "new modification of the slave trade."

A TALK WITH OLD BEN WADE—HE IS IN FAVOR OF CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial* has been interviewing ex-Senator Wade since his return from California, with the following result:

"Mr. Wade, what were your impressions respecting the Chinese?"

"I think the more we have of them the better. All accounts of those who have employed them concur in conceding to them habits of honesty, industry and temperance."

"Why, then, do the laws of the Pacific States discriminate against them?"

"It is the old story of political opposition, of precisely the same character as that which on this side has opposed the 'nigger.' The Democratic politicians have passed laws in California discriminating against these people to please the Irish, who, with other unskillful laborers, fear the competition of these Chinese."

"Are not their habits repulsive to our people?"

"On the contrary, they are extremely neat, performing their frequent ablutions with great care. They are docile, honest, and never known to get intoxicated. An old friend of ours, with his wife, who have long been residents of California, came with us on the return trip. They left their household and children in the care of two Chinese servants, who had been with them ten years, and felt entire confidence in them. They assured us that in the employment of this people was to be found the solution of the vexed question about domestic help."

"But do you really think it would be advisable to admit them to citizenship in this country?"

"I don't know that they desire to become citizens. They ask to be protected equally with others by the laws, and to be permitted to testify in courts of justice. But if they are as represented—honest, temperate and industrious—why should we refuse to admit them to citizenship?"

"They are reared in monarchial traditions."

"No more so than thousands from Europe, to whom we make no such objection. Still, I find a great many who are in favor of encouraging their emigration to this country, who are opposed to making them citizens."

COLORED TRADES' UNION IN BALTIMORE.

A MEETING of colored men, embracing members of the trades, was held on Monday evening at the Douglass Institute, for the purpose of effecting an organization into trades unions and societies. Isaac Myers was called to the chair, and on his motion James Morris was selected as temporary chairman, and Wesley Howard temporary secretary. Isaac Myers, after prayer had been made, stated the object of the meeting to be that of organizing the colored mechanics of the city and State. He said that white mechanics have their trades unions, and refuse to allow colored men to work with them, and he thought that colored men should be alive to their interests, and organize in the same manner. The next speaker, George Myers, remarked that the question under consideration was of much more importance than any other to the colored race, for without organization they could accomplish nothing, but with it everything. Organization, he said, was the only way in which the colored man could influence State Legislatures to do away with class legislation. It was the duty of colored men to look after their rights in the labor-market. He then spoke of the Labor Congress which is to assemble in a few days in the city of Philadelphia; the influence of meetings held in Baltimore would be felt in that body. An Executive Committee was appointed. The next meeting will be next Monday evening.—*Baltimore Sun.*

KOOPMANSCHAAP.—THE SOUTH.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

WHETHER the Chinese shall be allowed to come to this country as other foreigners come, as free men and women, is one question; whether they shall be imported in droves as slaves for a term of years is quite another.

To prevent free Chinese coming hither, just as English, Irish, German, Swedes or Frenchmen come, will require an act of Congress. But a law now on the statute-book will, or ought to, prevent the consummation of the Koopmanschaap plans for bringing over thousands of the most ignorant and brutal Chinese, the scum of the great Chinese cities as bond-slaves.

The "Act to prohibit the Coolie Trade," approved February 19th, 1862, which it is the duty of the President to enforce, forbids this business of carrying "Coolies." We give below an abstract of this law:

Section 1 totally forbids every citizen of the United States, or foreign resident coming here, acting for himself or any other person, in any capacity whatever, to "build, equip, load, or otherwise prepare any ship or vessel, or any steamship or steam vessel, registered, enrolled or licensed in the United States, or any port within the same, for the purpose of procuring from China or from any port or place therein, or from any other port or place, the inhabitants or subjects of China, known as coolies, to be transported to any foreign country, port or place whatever, to be disposed of, or sold, or transferred, for any term of years, or for any time whatever, as servants or apprentices, or to be held to service or labor." Any ship or vessel so employed, directly or otherwise, shall be forfeited and liable to be seized, prosecuted and condemned in any of the circuit or district courts of the United States for the district where it was seized, found or carried.

Section 2 makes such building, preparing, etc., of vessels, or aiding and abetting the coolie trade in any wise an indictable offence, incurring the penalty of a fine of $2,000 and imprisonment not exceeding one year.

Section 3 makes the receiving and transporting of Chinamen on any vessel by citizens of the United States, for such purposes, an indictable offence, punishable as before with fine and imprisonment.

Section 4 exempts from the operation of the act "any free and voluntary emigration of any Chinese subject," but requires for the purpose a permit from a consul or consular agent of the United States, who must first be satisfied by personal evidence of the fact.

Section 5 extends the provisions of other acts of Congress regulating passenger transit in merchant vessels to all vessels owned by citizens of and licensed in the United States, and applies the penalties and forfeitures of this act to them.

Section 6 authorizes the President to order vessels of the United States, their masters and commanders, to examine all vessels referred to in the previous sections, when they have reason to believe that they are engaged in the transportation of "coolies," and in case such vessels are violating the provisions of this act, they are to cause the offending vessels to be conveyed to any port or district of the United States and delivered to the marshal of the district, to be held and disposed of pursuant to the provisions of this act.

The business in which Koopmanschaap and Tyekem Orr propose to engage is thus prohibited by act of Congress; the ships in which coolies were brought over would be forfeited; the principals in the illegal business and their agents would lay themselves liable to fine and imprisonment.

The Memphis Convention caught at Koopmanschaap's offer of coolies as another "way to develop the South." It is pitiful to see men who pretend to lead and inform their neighbors still drivelling about "new ways to develop" their States, and catching eagerly at every means of reviving that system of slave-labor which has been the curse of the Southern States; and the cause, the only cause, that they are less populous, and that their people are less wealthy and prosperous than the regions further north.

No new way is needed. There is an old way, a way which has developed a dozen States, all less favored by nature than any Southern State; a way which has made the Northwest great, powerful, wealthy, energetic, intelligent; which has filled a large region with an intelligent, thrifty people; which has built up rich commonwealths while men in Southern States were holding conventions and talking; which has made the West the wonder of the world.

Why not adopt this old way? It is cheap; it is certain; it is, as the census will tell any doubter, rapid beyond expectation. It needs no conventions; it requires no intermediaries like Koopmanschaap and Tyekem Orr; it demands no investment of capital. This old way of development is by free labor. Freemen will go at their own expense, where slaves must be carried at the expense of others. Freemen will build schools, churches, towns, and quadruple the value of lands, where "coolie" slaves will only make a costly wilderness. Free labor brings civilization, with all its peaceful arts, its varied industries, its intelligence, all which combine to make free government possible. "Coolie" labor, which is slave labor, will bring only more barbarism, more violence, more disorganization, vice and lawlessness, and will drive off, as surely as the old slave labor did, the free laborers, the enterprising, active, intelligent, industrious population, on which every State must depend for its glory and true prosperity.

THE EMANCIPATION CELEBRATION of the United States and British West India Islands, will be celebrated at Myrtle Avenue Park, Brooklyn—one of the most retired, select and beautiful places in Brooklyn—On Monday, August 2d, 1869.

On this occasion there will be eminent speakers who will deliver some eloquent orations. A grand evening promenade and concert in the large and commodious Hall built in the Park, which will be brilliantly illuminated in the evening. This Hall will accommodate 2,000 persons. Promenade and concert will be under the direction of Prof. Theodore Voorhees.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1869.

THE SOUTH—TENDENCIES.

THROCKMORTON of Texas, Hahn of Louisiana, Walker of Virginia, and others, are just now extensively quoted to persuade the people of the North that "peace" reigns throughout the South. Not Frank Blair alone, but Mr. Blow, who has just gone as a representative of the government to South America, makes a speech in which he admires the bravery of our defeated "Southern brethren," and talks of the duty of generous forgetfulness, with the applause of *The Times* and *The Tribune.*

While Throckmorton talks of peace and order in Texas, outspoken Republicans there are being proscribed and murdered for their political opinions.

A Texas letter, dated July 21st, from a trustworthy correspondent, whose name, for prudential reasons, we withhold, comes to us as we write, detailing the horrible state of affairs, especially in Goliad County. We quote:

"During the past three weeks—yesterday ending the third week—there have been ten murders of white men perpetrated, occasioned by personal and political feuds. Five of the murdered men are named respectively, Rutland Jones, Tobias Poole, Jack Friar, James Bell and Charles Moore. The other five were of a party endeavoring to get out of the county and were intercepted and murdered. Their names are unknown to my informant, a personal friend of mine, who arrived here on the evening of the 19th. This now makes a total of *twenty* murders in Goliad County within six weeks. The other ten were published in the papers here but a short time since. Never before during my residence in Texas—and I have been here twenty years—has there existed so much lawlessness and crime, at least in my section, as prevails to-day. And what aggravates the matter is that the papers here, with but a few exceptions, endeavor to mitigate these outrages by a concealment of the facts alleging per contra: that we are in a quiet, peaceful, law-abiding condition, and ready for reconstruction! During the late war I was in prison as a Unionist, and I now carry on my body of sixty winters the scars of incarceration with ball and chain. Yet in all this time there was a measurable degree of security for life and property, which is utterly wanting to-day. I have, through many trials, learned the value of patience and submission, and it seems to me something ought to be done to ameliorate our condition here. I offer no comments as to the administration of our present military Commandant and his civil officers, though the latter, despite the law of Congress vacating civil offices, whose incumbents cannot take the test oath, are largely of the rebel element, (old incumbents under Throckmorton) who retain the exercise of their functions, through provisional Governor Pease's influence, and evade the law by acting as deputies. Whatever you can do as a public journalist to acquaint the public with the true condition of affiairs here, and obtain for quiet, law-abiding citizens, white and black, some redress for their many grievances, will be gratefully appreciated. * * * So insecure has become life even for men like myself, that I am now arranging to move elsewhere on the coast."

In a postscript our correspondent adds:

"Since writing the above I learn among the men killed, whose names are mentioned, is another named Reeves. This makes a total of *twenty-one* murdered men within six weeks."

On the authority of a loyal Texas journalist now in this city, one who has given abundant proof of his sincerity by his sacrifices, we learn that even officers of the national army, in journeying unattended deem it necessary for greater safety, to TAKE OFF THEIR UNIFORMS, AND TRAVEL IN CITIZENS' DRESS! The courts are converted into agents for the persecution rather than the protection of loyalists. With the treachery of Hamilton, aided by the doughface-Amnesty crotchet of *The Tribune*, rebel-conservatism is getting a strong grip upon Texas. "Peace" prevails there for rebels and such as acquiesce in their sway, and for such only. It is the same kind of peace which the slaveholders maintained and enjoyed before the war. Withdraw Gen. Canby, or cripple him as the conservatives of both sections, North and South, are trying to prevail upon the President to do, and what is true of Texas would in a week be quite as true of Virginia.

The young white men of the South, who vote this year in large numbers for the first time approach political life with an intensity of rebel feeling surpassing even that of their fathers. If, as Thaddeus Stevens advised, confiscation had been wisely allowed to do its legitimate work as a sequence of the war, these young men would have been comparatively powerless for mischief. As it is they remain, through the land monopoly, a master class, with the power as well as the disposition to act the part of rebel despots over the landless blacks. With the inactivity at Washington; the folly of Republicans of the conservative school; and the vigilance of the Southern whites in proscribing "carpet-baggers" and the blacks, while diplomatically assuming to "accept the situation;" the South is rapidly passing under rebel control. We except only a few Districts wherein the colored people are largely in the majority. The present phase of affairs is more dangerous to the future well-being of the Republic than any through which we have passed since the war. We have all along dreaded the revival of Southern diplomacy in politics. It is in that field that the whites of the South are adepts.

Consummate reconstruction upon the basis of the Walker movement in Virginia and the treacherous Hamilton movement in Texas, readmit those States thus reconstructed to the Union, and thenceforward there will be practically, as before the war, but one party in Southern politics. A dissenting party will not be tolerated. The loyal poor whites and landless blacks who vote at the peril of losing employment, and at the risk life itself, with even Federal troops detailed to the States for their protection, will be in forlorn condition indeed when those troops shall have been wholly withdrawn. Nor is it at the South alone that the tendency to "conservative" supremacy. While the new Administration allows itself lazily to drift with the current, instead of vigorously stamping an impress of its own upon the country, the "conservative" forces of the North are being readjusted to take possession of the National, and several State governments, at a period not farther distant than 1872. Stupid and incorrigible as are some of the copperhead leaders, their folly finds its counterpart in the Greeley Republicans. The Copperhead-Democracy, a large minority during and since the war, strengthened by the rehabilitation of its party in the South, will, with the present tendency, easily become again the majority party of the nation, and assume control of the government. It is no better in motive and spirit than formerly. What may be expected of it in the way of promoting and protecting impartial freedom its past history plainly indicates. Assuming that the pending Fifteenth Amendment will be ratified, (not yet by any means certain,) it is likely to be rendered, to a great extent, a dead letter. Rehabilitating the rebels with political power not only imperils the immediate personal safety of the white loyalists and the blacks where they are in a minority, but it barters away their political freedom for at least another generation. By converting the large minority party of "conservatives" South and North into a national majority, it will defraud the nation of the best results which should have followed the overthrow of slavery.

Congress must go to the verge of its discretionary power to neutralize and expose the political treachery and fraud of Virginia and the other probationary Southern States. Thus something of the mischief of this amnesty-reactionary period may be counteracted. Radicals and Abolitionists must remember that constant vigilance is the price which must be paid now as formerly to gain complete victory for the immutable principles of liberty.

PERSECUTION OF MR. TURNER.

THE position of colored postmaster in Georgia is by no means a comfortable one. Ever since the appointment of the Hon. HENRY M. TURNER as postmaster at Macon, Ga., there have been most persistent and unscrupulous attempts to drive him from the office. The charge of counterfeiting was trumped up against him. Though supported by some very "tall swearing," it was all to no purpose. Arrested, and harrassed, he has been acquitted. Other equally groundless charges have been made against him. The matter, we judge, has been so much overdone by the rebels, and disaffected politicians, as to miss their intended effect at Washington. Even the *N. Y. Herald* which, with characteristic meanness, while it was in doubt what the court would do, ridiculed and sneered at Mr. Turner, concludes now that the case begins to have the look of "persecution." We hope Mr. Turner will be able to survive it all, and that he will be so supported by the authorities at Washington as that he may have a fair opportunity to demonstrate his ability to discharge creditably the duties of his office.

Col. Thos. Wentworth Higginson forwarded to the *N. Y. Tribune* of Monday last the following letter, from a former officer of his regiment, concerning Mr. TURNER'S arrest, as follows:

U. S. MARSHALL'S OFFICE, ATLANTA, July 19, 1869.
Col. T. W. Higginson, Newport, R. I.

MY DEAR COLONEL:—The arrest of Turner, the Macon Postmaster, I presume has created as much excitement North as here, and realizing your interest in the matter, I wish you to know that I have just come into possession of valuable testimony, that will fully establish his innocence and prove to the world that the whole affair is a clear case of persecution and an outrageous conspiracy to bring the Government into disrepute, exasperate the people against the present Administration, and to deprive Turner of his position. From the beginning I have felt that Turner was an innocent man, and consequently, have been incessantly at work investigating the affair, in order to get at the truth. That I have been successful you will know by telegraph long before this reaches you, that is, if it is possible to obtain a reexamination, which we hope to get.

The examination closed yesterday, but, as the Commissioner is not to render his decision until to-morrow, at 10 o'clock A. M., we are in hopes to get the case reopened for the purpose of introducing our important evidence—evidence, too, which is sure to acquit Turner and bring thunderbolts upon the heads of those who have attempted to persecute him. In my efforts to ferret out this matter I have been very ably assisted by C. Conlan of the Treasury Department; in fact, without him I do not know that I could have been successful, and without my knowledge of the affair he would have made slow progress; but, through our joint efforts, everything has been brought to light. He has done nobly, and deserves great credit. Any information you desire I will communicate with pleasure. With kind regards, yours respectfully, GEO. B. CHAMBERLAIN."

The Editor of *The* (Philadelphia) *Christian Recorder* says:

"The rebels of Georgia having done everything imaginable to have the appointment of Hon. H. M. Turner, Postmaster at Macon, Ga., changed, have at last resorted to the desperate expedient of charging him with forging treasury notes. We have not the shadow of a doubt, that in this, as well as in all their other charges, they will sustain a Waterloo—no, a Milliken Bend defeat. We know of no man, in whose honesty we have more confidence. Any one acquainted with him knows that he values not money enough to provide for his own personal comfort. When H. M. Turner takes to forging we shall have lost not a little of our faith in humanity. R. H. Cain, who is posted in all Southern matters, pronounces it a '*deliberate lie.*'"

WHO IS PRESIDENT?

IN view of the following facts, we ask Gen. GRANT and Mr. Secretary BOUTWELL whether Georgia belongs to the United States? and whether GRANT or the Ku-Klux is President of the United States?:

ANTI-REVENUE OPERATIONS IN GEORGIA.

WASHINGTON, July 26th, 1869.

There is a speck of rebellion in Georgia, and a determined resistence to the enforcement of the Internal Revenue laws. Mr. William E. Haywood, who was recently appointed Assistant Assessor in one of the divisions of one of the Georgia districts, has been compelled to decline the appointment for the reason that it is impossible for the Assistant Assessor to fulfill his duty in that section of the country to which he had been assigned. The declination of the office was forwarded to Washington by the Assessor of that district, Mr. Edwin Belcher, with a letter addressed to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, stating that Mr. Haywood is the third appointee who has declined the office. The third Georgia District embraces 23 counties in the central and eastern part of the State, but the immediate locality defying the Government officials is Washington County, north of the Georgia Central Railroad.

The Ku-Klux have possession of the county, and as often as the Assistant Assessor has appeared to fulfill his duties he has been waited upon by parties informing him that he could depart peaceably, but if any attempt was made to carry out official instructions he would be killed. The Ku-Klux have openly invaded the office of the Assistant Assessor and forced their conversation upon the Government officials. Since the inauguration of Gen. Grant three unsuccessful attempts have been made to assess property in this District, and the Assessor now appeals for military aid to enforce the Revenue laws. Commissioner Delano has not determined what shall be done to assert the rights of the United States in that locality. It is understood he is in favor of increasing the civil force, and if this recommendation should not meet with approval, then to enforce the laws by the protection of military aid. It was conjectured that the parties appointed as Assistant Assessors might be obnoxious to people residing in this part of the State, but there is no longer doubt that the opposition comes direct from unconquered rebels, and the manner in which this speck of rebellion will be crushed out will undoubtedly convince the Ku-Klux that the United States is still able to hold every foot of the territory in the Southern States.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

While the President smokes, drives, bathes and dances at Long Branch, the Ku-Klux flourish in Georgia. An Augusta Ga., telegram of July 27th says:

"A disguised party visited the jail at Appling, Columbia County, and took therefrom a negro man and woman who were found dead on the road Sunday morning. *The negroes had had a difficulty with a white family.*"

A correspondent of the Salem *Register*, writing from Fort Smith, Ark., says the other day an Arkansas man was taking two sisters to Texas to be educated. On being asked why he did not put them into a good academy at Little Rock, he replied that it was a Yankee affair, and as for the public schools, his children should die of starvation before he would let them go to a public school organized and taught by Yankees. The man might have been of the "first families," but when he wanted to find his state room on the steamboat he had to ask a Yankee officer to find it for him for he couldn't read the number on the door.

The Chinese question has claimed of late a large measure of public attention. Mr. Koopmanschaap and other parties who propose to go largely into indiscriminate importation of the Chinese, are reminded of a law of Congress which will be enforced against them if they bring other than voluntary emigrants here. *The* (Philadelphia) *Friend's Review*, referring to the Chinese already in California, says:

"The maltreatment which they receive in California is enough to make us blush for the depravity of our people. It is wanton wickedness, kindred in character to the former cruelty towards negro slaves. * * Whether coming in such numbers as to form communities and to be able to sustain their national prepossessions, they will be likely to be Americanized and Christianized, is a theme of great interest. It is very certain that Christians have no right to *unchristianize* themselves in their reception of them. * * * * * These Asiatic immigrants are subjected to invidious taxation, and, being excluded from the witness stand, are, in a degree, defenceless before the law. Let them meet in every white man a civilized and sincere Christian, and who can think that their hearts and understandings would permanently resist the practical evidences of a 'faith that works by love,' and of lives purified thereby."

We have received a call from Mr. E. H. QUICK, the junior Editor of the *Houston* (Texas) *Union*. His representations of the condition of affairs are the opposite of Throckmorton's. He fully confirms the worst accounts we have from time to time published of the lawlessness and crime prevalent among the unreconstructed and unrepentant rebels of Texas. His own office was entered on the evening of July 4th and a large quantity of type was destroyed or rendered useless. Mr. Quick, who is an earnest, conscientious journalist, and an outspoken Radical, has several times been threatened with death, and has had some hair-breadth escapes from the clutches of the unreconstructed. The treachery of Hamilton he describes as infamous, akin to that of Andrew Johnson. Republicans are left at a great disadvantage by the Commanding General, and in some towns are arrested on sundry trumped up charges and then discharged—one process of intimidation. He says the Radicals must have help in Texas if they hold their own against the opposition with which they have to contend, that if defeated in the approaching election, and the few troops now in the State should be withdrawn, an outspoken Republican will scarcely be able to live in Texas. Mr. Quick goes to Washington where we hope his statements will be heard and heeded.

PERSONAL.

George F. Alberti, who acquired great notoriety as a slave-catcher under the old Fugitive Slave law, died recently in Philadelphia, aged 79 years.

Miss Maria Mitchell, professor of astronomy in Vassar College, is going to Burlington, Iowa, with her class of young ladies, to observe the solar eclipse.

Miss Rollin, an educated and talented young colored woman of South Carolina, we are very glad to learn, has been appointed by Gov. Scott chief clerk in the Adjutant General's office. A correspondent writing from Columbia, S. C., says:

"Miss Rollin is a young lady of color, highly educated and accomplished. These advantages were acquired North. She is quite an eloquent advocate for impartial suffrage. She delivered an address in the House of Representatives (before the judiciary committee) of this State, demanding suffrage for her sex. She might well be termed the black Anna Dickinson."

The Times says:

"Miss Anna Dickinson gave her first lecture in San-Francisco on the 12th inst. She spoke of the Chinamen, and said she had been asked whether she favored giving the ballot to Chinamen. God forbid, she said, there is too much stupid voting in our midst to-day; but if the Chinamen are oppressed, the ballot will be given to them to enable them to protect themselves. Meanness and oppression excite indignation and beget hostility against which the oppressors are never safe. California, for which God and nature had done so much, owed it to herself to be generous. There, if anywhere, we should see the noblest results of liberty in America."

Rao Bahadoo Moroba Cannoba (the judge of the Bombay Small Cause Court, who lately advertised his willingness to wed a Hindoo widow) announces, "for the information of the Pathare or Patane Prabhus, that he has a widowed niece, whom he is authorised by her father to give away in marriage to a proper suitor. She lost her first husband when she was an infant. She is now about seventeen years of age, and can be seen by four hours previous notice. Applications should be made to Mr. Moroba Cannoba as early as possible, that the marriage may be solemnised on the 15th instant, the only proper day for a Hindoo marriage now remaining out of the marriage season. No one need apply who is not able to make a provision by which the girl will be able to get a pension or a maintenance of 30r. a month at least, in the event of the death of her second husband."

Miss Nellie Harlan and another young lady have taken up farms for themselves, under the Homestead law, in the North-western part of Iowa. *The Des-Moines Register* has received the following letter from Miss Harlan, and publishes it, with a suggestion to the young men who are digging along as clerks, on a salary of $500 a year, that they had better exhibit the same degree of pluck:

Storm Lake, Iowa, July 5, 1869.

Editors of Iowa State Register: * * * I am not a very strong advocate of "Woman's Rights," but think one has a right to take a homestead, and would think it strange if one should come and see these beautiful prairie lands and go home without exercising that right. Ere many years the first settlers will have homes shaded by the trees they now seem so intent on putting out. For a newly-settled place, we have good society. One need not lose either their *refinement* or *religion* out here. We have preaching every fourth week, and assemble in a log cabin. I have listened to Miss Benson play upon her melodeon where she had hardly room to sit herself beside it, and the music was just as nice in that log cabin as in a parlor. My parents are living, and I have a good home in Madison, but I don't believe in children remaining at home till the "old folks die," and then look anxiously over the will to find their portion. * * * * I received letters from gentlemen strangers), who would inquire about Buena Vista lands, speak of my homestead, and politely close the letter by asking correspondence. Now, instead of acquaintance by letter I expect to have a *personal* acquaintance with the one to whom I may deed the half of my homestead. I hope that many of my lady friends are not almost but altogether persuaded to come and secure a home in this "Eden of Iowa."

NELLIE HARLAN.

Prof. F. W. Newman, in a private note, dated Dover Place, Clifton, Bristol, July 7th, says:

"There is much to make one very melancholy, both in your country and ours, while yet one hopes that on the whole things move on. But the frightful price to the innocent at which every advantage is bought, is to me very appalling. * * * * *

"In the interval (must I say, *truce?*) granted to the two nations, I hope that Mr. Gladstone will initiate some honorable settlement of your just claims against us.

"I think our official and public men have been peculiarly irritated by the *manner* in which the Johnson-Clarendon treaty was disowned. They do not take cognizance of the difficulties and manœuvres of your Congress, any more than you do or can of the internal difficulties that hampered the Palmerston ministry.

"As Mr. Sumner says, All good men must unite to make war impossible. Not but that I disbelieve that on either side the worser sort of men would be so mad."

Truly yours, F. W. NEWMAN.

The Friends Review (Philadelphia) prints the following letter from John G. Whittier to William Henry Chase:

My dear friend,—I cannot well deny myself the pleasure of telling thee that I have been looking over thy little book, "Day by Day," with much satisfaction. It seems to me to have been carefully and conscientiously compiled, well calculated to do good in family readings, and to call attention to the precious fields of religious literature from which its contents have been gleaned.

In giving special preeminence to the best thoughts of members of our religious Society, it shows what a valuable legacy our predecessors have bequeathed to us. I have long wished to see the writings of these worthies better known and appreciated.

A wide range of miscellaneous reading in every department of literature has not diminished my interest in and love for the works of early Friends,—Penn, Barclay, Sewell, Story, the wonderful journal and epistles of George Fox, and that sweetest and purest of all books outside of the Holy Scriptures, the Life of John Woolman.

Hoping that thy book may have a wide circulation, and that the object of its compilation may be realized in the promotion of truth and righteousness, I am, very truly, thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AMESBURY, Mass., 6th mo., 20, 1869.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 27th, 1869.

IT is evident that disintegration has begun within the Republican party. One of the strongest evidences of this is seen in the fact that there are a great many of its members who are ready to declare, that, in their judgment its mission is ended when the Fifteenth Amendment is finally ratified. Possibly, they could give no better evidence of their want of appreciation of the duty appertaining to such a political organization. To abandon the field at the moment of surrender would be considered madness on the part of a victorious general. To abandon the duty of guarding and aiding the evolution of new forms of civilization, at the first acknowledgment of the enemies thereof, that they have been defeated in their resistance thereto, is to acknowledge moral cowardice and mental blindness. The most necessary duty of genuine statesmanship is to protect the developing germs of civilization. Those, therefore, who think there is no longer a field for such statesmanship as even the Republican party can exhibit, after the ratification of the pending amendment, show for themselves how utterly incapable they are of comprehending what the term means. The indifference exhibited to the condition of affairs in the South is being most skilfully used by the cunning pro-Southern politicians, to spread discontent among the colored citizens, and to alienate such whites as were coming under conviction.

A few days before Thaddeus Stevens was translated, he had a conversation with a gentleman actively employed in the work of organizing Radicalism in the South. Mr. Stevens desired to know what was being done to sustain and build up the Republican party in the late rebel States, and on being told that it was the deliberately decided-upon policy of the Republican National Committee not to spend money or send speakers into them, the dying statesman could hardly find words strong enough to express his disgust at their folly and stupidity. It was within a few hours, comparatively, of his death, and the prediction he then made of the certainty that the Republican party would fail, under such an ungenerous policy, to hold a single Southern State, comes back now with great force. In realizing the results of party management as well as in comprehending the broader ones arising from a cowardly failure to carry out its principles, Mr. Stevens understood well the party he so long sought to lead to a logical acceptance of its premises, and into a courageous carrying of them out.

The Southern politicians comprehend the situation. In a broad sense the philosophic observer can see that they "build better than they know," in seeming to accept the situation. They bow before the inevitable, and get behind its pricks to see if themselves cannot direct them. But what the Republicans—such of them, at least, as are of the Greeley stripe—choose not to see is, that even though they do accept "the situation," men of mature age, whose characters have been compounded in the seething cesspool of slavery, are not the proper persons to entrust voluntarily with the conduct and direction of communities designed to be cleared from such taint and corruption.

But the die is cast. Tennessee follows Virginia, betrayed in great part by the sectional hatred of Northern men which guides even men like Brownlow. This is another evidence of the perversion of the Southern character. Devoted to the Union, as are such men as Brownlow, yet they cannot help hating or fearing its Northern defenders. It matters not that the graves of sixty thousand freemen of the North are found within the borders of Tennessee, if any "carpet-bagger" is likely to obtain office. It is rather a pleasant thought to dwell upon, that Senter's triumph will doubtless reward Brownlow with the presence of Andrew Johnson in the U. S. Senate Chamber. We who did our duty can afford to laugh at those who failed and brought this infliction on themselves. But that is aside. Tennessee will be lost. Mississippi also, I fear. Texas most certainly. So with every one. The last Republican victory has been gained, unless there shall be a reorganization. The only duty now before those in the Southern States who are not satisfied to yield to the foe, is to reorganize the Republican party at once on home and local issues. There is a long contest before the few true men of the South to prevent the fruits of the struggle being lost altogether. It is possible by organizing for the defence of the common schools, of equal taxation, and of the other rights of the poor, which the land owning oligarchy naturally oppose, to again hold and maintain control of these new States—or some of them.

Our purblind Republican leaders do not seem to comprehend the magnitude of the stake. Though cotton is not now king, it is yet a sort of national or rather sectional Crœsus. The Southern cotton crop is said to have netted last year $200,000,000. This year it promises as much or more. It is the control of the railroads, the obtaining of aid to rebuild the levees, the subsidizing of steamships, etc., that induces Southern politicians to

stoop and conquer in doing so. The great wealth that the South holds is what *they* desire to keep control of, and to induce the country to aid them they are willing to pretend conversion or acquiescence in results which they hate more fiercely as the badge of their defeat. They hope thus to grow powerful again, and striking hands once more with the autocratic, aggrandizing, oligarchic and liberty-despising influences that are found in the other States, make another and more dangerous attempt for the control of the Republic. This generation of Southern white men and their allies, the copperheads of the North, have not given up their fight against the genuine success of a true Republic on this continent. This present phase of the strife is but the doorway to more deadly efforts, though in more insidious forms, and the Henry Wilsons and Horace Greeleys sing Hosannahs while the foe, through their purblind folly, gets possession of strong places within our own lines. The disguise they assume is that of Conservative Republicanism. The bribe they offer is the creation of a personal party around Grant, and the offer of their vote for a renomination. The Chief-Justice had better look out for the spoils. Grant can do more for these fellows than can Chase, who has not power to quite "screw his courage to the sticking point." We shall see whether Grant surrenders to rebeldom or not. There's danger that he will.

ASMODEUS.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, July 25th, 1869.

THERE is, among the beautiful works of art in Williams and Everett's store, a fine picture, by an American artist—T. S. Noble, I think—on a subject distinctively American.

The title of this painting is "The Price of Blood;" and it represents the transfer, from producer to consumer, of one of those articles of merchandize which a distinguished son of Virginia delicately called "the Virgintial crop" of that State.

The scene represented is as follows: by the centre table, in a handsome parlor, sits the master of the house, a gentlemen of distinguished appearance, in slippers and dressing-gown. Behind the table, and fronting the spectator, stands a man whose face and dress betoken business rather than leisure, and whose grade of refinement is shown by his wearing his hat in a stranger's house. This man is intently perusing a written document, probably a bill of sale, since several piles of specie stand on the table before him, as if he had just counted them out; and the article of merchandize for which this sum is to be paid, the third human figure in the room, stands, also fronting the spectator, with his coarse straw hat in his hand, on the side of the table opposite the owner of the house—and *his* owner.

This figure, a young mulatto man of over twenty—quite ripe for the market, as markets used to be in Virginia a dozen years ago—looks as if, under favorable circumstances, he might be handsome. Notwithstanding the obvious mixture of African blood, his features are not only American but *white* American; his nose and chin being not less prominent than those of the fine-looking, grey-headed, full-bearded gentleman seated on the other side of the table. But his regular features are now distorted by some over mastering emotion. His brow is knit, his lips compressed; he is looking forward into space, perhaps trying to see his own future through uncertainties more terrible than those which belong to average human life.

The *gentleman's* face is not distorted, but is nevertheless unmistakably ill at ease. He has turned away from the faces, both of the trader and the article of merchandize, and if one may conjecture his feelings, the past as well as the present is weighing heavily on his mind. He is evidently a pious man, having chosen as one of the ornaments of his parlor a picture of Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac, which hangs just over his head. He seems also a man of weight, wealth and consideration; one of the "patriarchs" of Virginia. Yet he looks now as if some of the incidents of his patriarchal life were decidedly unpleasant to contemplate. Can it be that that picture represents precisely his own situation? and that he is now involuntarily reviewing facts which force the resemblance upon his mind? If the painter meant to convey this idea, he has succeeded.

In the preface to that admirable novel "Archy Moore," written thirty or more years ago, Richard Hildreth expressed his surprise that no writer of fiction in this country had chosen his subject among the scenes of intense excitement and tragic interest which abound, and must necessarily abound, in a community founded on slavery. He found part of the answer to his question when he went in search of a publisher for his own book. Not one of the regular publishers in his own city, Boston, would take charge of the book, or allow his name to appear in the title page. Some did not like the idea of opposing slavery; others did not wish to encourage *Anti*-Slavery; all knew that voluntary aid in exposing to public view a picture of slavery so faithful as that book contained would be fatal to their good standing in politics, business and religion; and the result was that the first edition of Archy Moore appeared without the name of *any* publisher.

Of course, at that time, objections of the same sort presented themselves to the mind of any artist disposed to depict, by the pencil or the brush, any of the manifold abominations of slavery. For a *young* artist, the choice of such a subject and the display of such a picture would have been the sacrifice of all his prospects of pecuniary and social success. And even if a painter of established reputation had undertaken such a thing, in any year before 1845, the question would have been, not merely whether this particular picture should remain on his hands, despised by purchasers and ignored by critics—but whether he would thenceforth be able to dispose of *any* work of art; whether the orders already given him would not be recalled; whether brother artists would not shrink from his companionship; indeed, whether the people whose friendship he most valued would not refrain from inviting him, and cross the street to avoid meeting him.

Had my supposed painter at that time been of the popular faith in religion, what Parson Adams and Deacon Safford would have said about him in pious circles would have been equivalent to a sentence of excommunication. But to whatever smaller sect he had belonged, Unitarian, Universalist, Swedenborgian, Sandemanian, the result would have been the same; every one of them would have taken up the matter as an insult and injury to dear slaveholding "brethren;" every one would have hastened to testify that "the church" he'd no views, and favored no demonstrations, hostile to slavery.

Now that the purchase and sale of slaves in the United States has passed from real life into history, artists will be found to delineate it; but how soon will they make such record of those violent acts, still abundant in all our Southern States, by which white men are trying to repel black ones from the positions, and to prevent them from exercising the functions, which imply equality of citizenship?

NORTH.

LETTER FROM COL. R. J. HINTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 23d, 1869.

DEAR MR. POWELL: The last STANDARD spoke of Richard Realf, now United States Assistant Assessor of Internal Revenue, at Gainesville, S. C. (the seat of Government for the county in which Calhoun, Butler and Brooks all lived) as "Old John Brown's right hand man at Harper's Ferry." This is not exactly in accordance with the facts. The second in command of that memorable party was John Henri Kazi, a native *white* Virginian, born within thirty miles of the spot where he fell. He was killed in the Shenandoah River, endeavoring to escape from Hall's Rifle Works with some companions, among whom were Osborne P. Anderson (colored) still living, and George P. Tidd, known to Virginia as George Plummer, who escaped to die of typhoid fever; a sergeant in a New York regiment. His death occurred on the gunboat Elizabeth, at the taking of Roanoke Island, and with his latest breath were mingled our shouts of victory. Kazi, the Virginian, belonged to a family well known in the Shenandoah Valley. At seventeen years of age he exiled himself from the paternal home by his outspoken and relentless hatred of slavery. He was as noble in life as exalted in death, and deliberately went to Harper's Ferry expecting to die, but feeling sure, as he told the writer of this, more than a year before—"that the result would be worth the sacrifice."

Richard Realf had become separated from the John Brown party more than a year before, and at the time of the outbreak was living in Texas. Of his action there let me give his own explanation, as written in a letter to me under date of July 9th. He refers to some abuse heaped upon him by the rebel papers there, in consequence of its being known that he had been one of John Brown's men. Here is what he says:

"It is perhaps possible that I have intensified the hatred against me by avowing, in my rejoinder (referring to an article on the rebel charge of Harper's Ferry complicity) that whilst I had no personal connection with the movement upon Harper's Ferry, I revered the memory and character of Brown beyond those of any man I had ever known. Once in my life I prevaricated myself out of the hands of Texan mobs into comparative security, but I never forgave myself for it afterwards. It is, I have learned, far better to die than to deny convictions, and I have consequently in this latter stress, done what I ought to have done ten years ago in the earlier perplexity."

The reference, to "this latter stress" has relation to a spirit of mob violence which has been set loose against him by the rebel press of South Carolina. I deemed it but just to give Richard Realf's own feelings about the Texan matter, and to add further that Judge Paschall, the well known and esteemed Union leader of that State, has told me that Realf's course at Austin was in accordance with his (Paschal's) advice. The latter was editor of the Union paper. It saved Realf's life, caused him to be brought to Washington, where the Harper's Ferry Senate Inquisition got nothing out of him they did not know before, and enabled him to get away to Ohio, where at Cleveland he met Barclay Coppic, to whom he either gave directly or caused to be sent, a considerable portion of the amount he received for witness fees, etc., in Washington. During the war Realf was a gallant soldier, entering as a private, and being mustered out as captain. He was in all the great battles of the Central South, and at Mission Ridge especially received honorable mention for distinguished courage. Though not "John Brown's right hand man at Harper's Ferry," he was and is one who all through his life has loved Liberty well and served her nobly.

In the paragraph you also speak of Realf as the youngest of the party. His not being at Harper's Ferry would make that incorrect, but even if he had been, there were others younger than himself. Barclay Coppic, whose brother Edwin was hung with John E. Cook on the 8th of December, and Dauphin Thompson, were not twenty years of age. Watson Brown was only twenty-four. Oliver Brown was but twenty. Sheild Greens was twenty-two, and John A. Copeland but twenty-four, when they died on that Virginia scaffold. Frank J. Menian, grandson of Francis Jackson, who escaped, was not more than twenty-two at the time. In fact, on examining the record I find that a large majority of the party were under twenty-five, which I suppose to have been Realf's age at the time.

R. J. HINTON.

MR. DICKENS AND THE TEETOTALERS.

[THE following letter to Mr. Dickens, having reference to a recent article by that gentlemen in *All the Year Round*, has been forwarded to us by the writer for publication.]

My dear Mr. Dickens—This mode of address is neither an empty courtesy nor a familar impertinence;—it is but the faint expression of a feeling towards you of a generation who from childhood have enjoyed the creations of your fertile fancy, and loved the author for his works' sake. The geniality and kindliness which characterize the productions of your genius, and above all the exquisite delineations of those great social virtues—self-sacrifice and self-denial—which adorn your charming stories (stories which I for one, delight to read over and over again, as I would saunter through galleries of fresh and imperishable pictures) emboldon me to ask you, on behalf of a large number of your admirers, why you appear to single out for so great a share of your humorous hostility, a class, who, in principle at least, endeavour to carry into practice those high ideals which in your beautiful works you have set before us?

I imagine that you have gained your impressions of that unhappy individual—the teetotaler of your humorous fancy—from some repulsive specimen who has been presented to you as a type—something, in the way of the typical nigger of the period, or the almost forgotten Frenchman of the play, who have delighted our fathers and ourselves on the truthful boards.

Stigginses no doubt there are and to spare—windy boanerges and hypocrites by the dozen—but even with this admission (accepting by the bye the notorious fact that hypocrisy and wind are utterly confined to the teetotal profession, being actually unheard of elsewhere even in the profession of our holy religion itself) I, who have known the teetotalers for some thirty years, decline to accept Stiggins as a representative man.

And you—have you no kind word to say for that great and increasing mass of the people who, with no imperviousness whatever to the shafts of derision that assail them, feeling them indeed keenly enough—with no want of full appreciation of the indulgence they set aside—talking to no great degree, (leaving that to those who may take it upon them)—quietly abstain for their neighbors' good; thus carrying out in their daily life, as a simple matter of daily duty, the most beautiful teaching of the most beautiful of your books, self-sacrifice for the love of their suffering kind?

Let it be the self-sacrifice of the strong for the weak, the rich for the poor, the poor for love of wife and child, nothing I see contemptible in the act—a something, rather, that shines through the absurdity of a silly nickname, and far above the bigotry and folly of unwise partizans.

Even in regard to those very faults, would it not be charitable to bear in mind the antecedents of proselytes such as these, and let the lesser evil be condoned by the greater good? It is as though you should condemn and deride for their ugliness the scarred objects that creep out at the hospital gates, forgetting how much more horrible may have been the wounds that went in! As regards the rest, it is as though you should condemn and deride the nurses and managers of the place for entering within those walls, not for cure of maladies of their own, but to succor and encourage their maimed and diseased kind.

It is a delicate matter, an unthankful office, to find faults in writings that have given so much pleasure to us all, but if I might venture to take passing exception, it would be to that too frequent association of kindliness and corkscrews, geniality and gin-punch, which has been too often imitated by writers without a spark of your genius or shade of your refinement—an association that jars upon the better feelings you inspire. Generosity and goodwill that smell so strongly of the punch-bowl over night may turn sour in the morning; we have misgivings how much springs from cordial feeling and how much from cordial gin. Before accepting the beer barrel as a pedestal for our goddess of social pleasure we hesitate. May it not be, it occurs to us, that good fellowship is a natural product, not an artificial manufacture of drugs and drams? May we not remember that the four or five most drinking nations of the earth, instead of being the most good-humored and gay, are in fact the most stolid, grave and lugubrious even in their very pastimes? Does not, in fine, a faint suspicion arise that joviality dependent upon the brewer and distiller for its working up, may be a humbug in its nature, and a cant in its laudation, whether in boosy dreary wine, song, or convivial tale?

You compare, in a late number of your magazine the moderate use of draught-horses with the moderate use of draughts of gin and ale, and humorously ask us to abstain from both on a similar principle. An admirable comparison, but, like all comparisons, it has its faults! In the first place, the two or three thousand professors of national economy who stake their reputation on the assertion that draught-horses are not of the slightest use to humanity as such—have, from some unexplained cause, refrained from recording (as their medical brethren have done in the analogous case) their opinions in print. Secondly, the magistrates and clergy who have found, in the course of their observation and experience, that draught-horses are the principal cause of filling jails, hospitals, workhouses, and graves, have modestly withheld the fact from an inquiring world. In the third place (to come nearer home), a recent writer in your popular magazine incidentally, but too truly, remarked that there are few who cannot trace ruin and fall of friend or kindred to a certain particular cause, herein referred to, might have been wroth with reason if your printer's devil had substituted another word—(say "draught-horse" for instance)—for the one made use of. Do away with these few trifling discrepibicies in your parallel, and it may be indeed time to take to railways and bicycles, and perhaps venture on the unpardonable liberty of suggesting to our friends to do the same!

There is a view of the question which I feel sure will have weight with you, to whom the social enjoyment of the working classes are not, I am confident, a matter of indifference. Whilst the present drinking habits of this country exist, these social enjoyments too often degenerate into orgies of stupid boozing and beastly excess. Glance into the frequent beer-houses after town fete or rural fair, and deny me this fact if you can. But, believe me, the pleasure of a concourse of young people, minus the gin and swipes element, is a pleasure of a different kind! Young hearts don't require to be drugged into happiness; and the dance and game upon the green, even the absurd "processions," with their dusty waving of flags and queer devices are, *with this safeguard*, good and pleasant to look upon,—none the less because their jollity is the doctoring of neither drug nor dram—poisoned gin nor washy tea—but the natural unstimulated enjoyment of happy human hearts. I am, very sincerely yours,

ARISTON MEN HUDOR.

Chas. Dickens, Esq.

AFFAIRS IN KENTUCKY.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I HAVE before me the *Observer and Reporter* of Lexington, Kentucky, under date of July 21st, 1869. The friend—a native Kentuckian—who handed me this paper remarks that seldom comes one of those sheets to him, that does not contain two or more details of such lynchings, as given below. Kentucky is sadly in need of reconstruction, and that too of the most vigorous kind. Congress will be criminal to the interest of our country, if it fails to do its duty:

TERRIBLE CASE OF LYNCHING AT HARRODSBURG.

We are informed by a correspondent, of a terrible case of lynching that occurred near Harrodsburg last Saturday night. The victim was George Bolling, of Perryville, half-brother of Dr. Bolling of the same place, and cousin of R. R. Bolling. He was surrounded and seized in the suburbs of Harrodsburg, by a party of men on horseback; was carried to some woods on the farm of Peter Davis, not far from town, on the Perryville pike, and there hung till dead. The lynchers then left Bolling's pistols and valuables with Davis, saying that "a friend of the owner would call for them," and rode off. It is said that they made an attempt to capture him in Perryville last Thursday night, but failed. Bolling then went to Harrodsburg, and on the night of his murder a decoy was used to entice him out to where he was captured, and it is said when he found himself in the power of his blood-thirsty pursuers, *his piteous shrieks for help rang out so clear and loud in the stillness of the night as to be distinctly heard by the horrified citizens of the town. We have not heard of what the man was accused. The arm of Justice* should be swift to do its work with these bloody prowlers.

What prating about the "*arm of justice!*" A species of throwing dust in the eyes, intended especially for outsiders. The same paper contains a lengthy (one column) apology from the Superintendent of Public Instruction at Frankfort, Ky., for daring to recommend instruction to poor white children, as in the more northern States of the Union. It need hardly be mentioned that the black children of Kentucky are not even thought of. This Superintendent of Public Instruction remarks quite complacently, viz.:

"As to the reconstruction of Kentucky at this late day, no sane man believes that it will be attempted. If it should be done by any possible chance, the authorities which reconstruct can pass and impose any law they please."

S. L.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A CALL.

ON the 5th and 6th of November of this year a Woman's Convention is to be opened in Berlin (Prussia). This Convention will be held by a Society which was founded October, 1865, under the patronage of the Crown Princess of Prussia. It has lately mourned the death of its highly-esteemed and amiable founder and President, E. Lette. The activity of this society, called the "Verein zur Forderung der Erwerbs fahigkeit des weiblichen Geschlechts," has, in spite of the greatest difficulties, and the short period of its existence, nevertheless shown most astonishing results. The money wanted for this purpose has been contributed in very small sums by the members of the Society, by some private donations of the Crown Princess, and by the income of some lectures given by the first men of Berlin, viz.: Virchow, Gneist von Holtzendorff, Schulze-Delitsch, Lewald, Lowe, and some others. The Association endeavors, first of all, to develop and encourage woman's capacity for labor, and for earning her living in various spheres. It recognizes the best possibility for this, 1st by necessary instruction, and, 2nd, in the opening of different ways for the working women to have all the business advantages of men. Not able to carry this on by large sums of money, the Society follows a principle which has shown quite marvelous results. That is—to support certain institutions herein to be named, which were established according to its own ideas, not only by its own influence, but also by pamphlets and lectures, persuading people to make use of such, and thus cause them to be recognized; by lending money to them, and by procuring a certain number of scholars, for which it pays.

The great advantage of this proceeding has been the free development of the creating power of individuals. It is well known that Reformers are not understood by the large mass, for the very reason that their plans and ideas are new. Clear and obvious as the idea may be to the Reformer, the true realization of it, the practical proof of its accomplishment and usefullness, require a certain time and degree of energy, which can only be expected from the hearty enthusiasm of the Reformer himself. The eagle is no longer an eagle when he loses his heaven-wide horizon and his eyrie on the rock near the clouds. Associations are very apt to make use of the plans of Reformers, instead of appreciating the great idea that underlies their plans. It may be called the system of this age to take in the idea of the individual Reformer, and make it the instrument of an association in the same relation as *Capital* is at this day to *Labor*. This is only the *civilized* but not less cruel martyrdom of the past age, by which the purest heart-blood of our best Idealists is shed, and by which the highest inspiration of our time is destroyed for the world and its development. It is a great mistake for associations to do this, but they ought rather to support the individual inspiration and enthusiasm for the common welfare, and they will be known and rewarded as a very necessary part of the work. But the reformers must be left to act freely. With a true understanding of this, the Berlin Society, with 550 members and only 1,200 thalers (that is $960) income, has assisted the following institutions conducted by individual reformers: 1. A Commercial Scientific College. 2. A practical Commercial School. 3. A first-rate school for painting and drawing in connection with the Royal Academy of Arts and Mechanics. 4. A bureau for the employment of women without payment. 5. A school to learn Stenography. 6. A Workingwomen's Home, with a restaurant, club, and reading-room.

But the chief power of the Association has been used for the Bazaar, established since 1867. This is a very elegant store, and, according to the last report, now trusted entirely to the hands of Mr. Carl Weiss, a silk merchant, who being the son of a widow that was obliged to earn her living by her needlework, became from his earliest life a champion of women's labor.

All these institutions are united in one large building, erected by Mr. Carl Weiss, in the best part of the city, "Leipziger strasse." It is arranged as well tastefully as conveniently, and seems to get to the ideal standpoint of uniting beauty to usefulness. Entering the hall, overarched with glass, you will find a beautiful fountain plashing into a lovely flower-garden, which is kept by a female flower-trader. From this flower-garden one enters the dining-room, which is the restaurant for women, and also the library used in the winter for receptions and club meetings. The cost of a very good dinner is 12 1-2 cents. On the first floor is the bazaar, elegantly furnished. Mr. Weiss is obliged by law not only to take a very small sum for his own profit, but to give the full insight into his books to some inspectors—persons chosen by the Associations for this purpose. The workingwomen take advantage of it to go into direct communication with the public without the interference of shopkeepers, who take almost 50 per cent. for their own benefit from the hard earnings of the poor worker. Here they sell directly, under more favorable terms, and have the advantage of buying the materials they want at wholesale prices. Six young girls are selling various and most beautiful articles, and quite astonishingly cheap. The bookkeeper and cashier are also women. Two large saloons are kept for the meetings of the Association. The Bureau for the employment of women is also here, and two large rooms are destined to take in girls to be instructed in various industrial occupations. The third and fourth floors contain the Home, whose administration is under the care of the Association. It is occupied mostly by governesses and other workingwomen. The Association sent also two ladies to the Paris Exhibition of 1867 to inspect the difference between German and foreign women's industry, and to make known by pamphlets and lectures the experiences made by them. But the largest part of the activity of the Society was the exhibition of women's industry, opened October, 1868. (Of this I will speak another time). Its intentions were to make known all the work now exceptionally done by women, but formerly entirely by men. It had a very great success, and has been fully rewarded.

This Association is now about to open the abovementioned "Women's Convention" at Berlin, and has asked me to announce it to the American public. It will be held on the 5th and 6th of November, 1869, to form an official communication between the different women's societies for education, instruction, artistic, scientific, industrial, and domestic training, and their relation to labor. (See Female Educational Reform in Germany, by E. Marwedel, in *The Herald of Health*, August number, 1869). The subjects to be discussed will be as follows: 1. How to form a regular official communication between the existing Associations. (See Workingwomen's International Associations, by E. Marwedel, in *The Agitator*, Chicago). 2. How to form industrial, science and art schools. 3. How to form cooperative associations for women's labor, with credit institutions, giving the same advantages to women as have been given to men by their large and now international workingmen's associations. Herr von Holtzendorff, its President, sends, also, an invitation to the American women and men to associate, and will be happy to see some delegates from American societies. His address for any further communication will be, "Herr Prof. von Holtzendorff, President of the Verein zur Forderung des Erwerbs fahigkeit des weiblichen Geschlechts, at Berlin, Augusta strasse, No. 21." There are many articles quite peculiar to America and not known in Germany. And if American ladies would be interested sufficiently in this object to send, in hermetically sealed boxes, specimens of the various bread, biscuits, canned fruits, such as wild grapes, squashes, tomatoes, black bean soup, dried and candied fruits; also, such articles as breakfast mops, picture frames, the fixtures and implements belonging to sewing-machines, and a thousand little inventions of American ingenuity for house, kitchen and clothing not known to the Old World, and which immediately attract the attention of foreigners, a great benefit might be done to their industry and to a kindly relation on both sides. American women having any impulses in this direction, will please address, postage paid, to save time and trouble, Emma Marwedel, care of Mrs. Horace Mann, Cambridge, Mass.

Other papers are requested to copy.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

The list of States which have ratified the Amendment, we believe, is as follows:

MISSOURI,	March 1, 1869.	(Defective).*
KANSAS,	February 27th,	†
NORTH CAROLINA,	March 5, 1869.	
WEST VIRGINIA,	" 3,	"
MASSACHUSETTS,	" 9-12	"
WISCONSIN,	" 9,	"
MAINE,	" 12,	"
LOUISIANA,	" 5,	"
MICHIGAN,	" 8,	"
SOUTH CAROLINA,	" 16,	"
PENNSYLVANIA,	" 26,	"
NEW YORK,	April 14,	"
ALABAMA,		
ILLINOIS,		
MINNESOTA,		
IOWA,		
NEBRASKA,		
ARKANSAS,		
NEVADA,		
CONNECTICUT,		
INDIANA,		
FLORIDA,		
RHODE ISLAND—SENATE.		
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		

The Amendment has been rejected

DELAWARE.

Georgia, not competent, until "reconstructed" again, to either ratify or to reject the Amendment, has gone through the form of rejecting it.

*Missouri failed to act upon the second section.

†Kansas the second section was imperfect when ratified.

LITERARY.

CHRIST AND THE GALLOWS; or, Reasons for the Abolition of Capital Punishment. By Marvin H. Bovee. 328 pages. New York: Published for the Author by the Masonic Publishing Co.

One of the most offensive relics of the barbarism of past ages, still perpetuated by governmental authority, is Capital punishment. Brutal gallows scenes, photographed in detail in the columns of the daily journals, continue frequently to shock the moral sense of the community. Prior to the late war considerable progress had been made towards the abolition of the gallows in this country. The beneficent reform was checked, however, by the advent of the war. It can make real progress only as it is based upon a genuine respect for human life. This, war diminishes and cheapens. Though less has been accomplished during the last few years in the anti-capital punishment movement, it has by no means been abandoned, and it is likely, we think, soon to be revived and prosecuted with increased efficiency and success.

The recognized leader and champion of the movement in this country is the Hon. MARVIN H. BOVEE, formerly of Wisconsin, now a resident of this city. In the Northwest Mr. Bovee has been very successful in his efforts, not only for the abolition of capital punishment but also in preventing its restoration where it had been abolished. He has also conducted two vigorous campaigns in this State, but was defeated by untoward influences brought to bear upon the Legislature. Just before the outbreak of the war Mr. Bovee was engaged in the preparation of a work on the subject of the gallows, which he intended speedily to publish. It was, however, for obvious reasons delayed. Using the material then prepared and bringing the statistics, and a review of the movement down to the present year, Mr. Bovee has just brought out a volume, handsomely printed and substantially bound, containing three hundred and twenty-eight pages, entitled "Christ and the Gallows, or, Reasons for the Abolition of Capital Punishment." It presents with much vigor the argument for the abolition of the gallows from various points of view. Mr. Bovee also fortifies his own positions by a powerful array of conclusive and convincing testimony from many others, whose letters, solicited for publication add greatly to the value of the book.

An epitome of his own principles, upon which his warfare against the gallows is based, Mr. Bovee announces as follows:

"Penalties which do not contemplate the reformation of the criminal, are not punishments, but cruelties.

"The world is my CHURCH, for all mankind are my brothers.

"Man is my CREED, for, being made in the image of God, he is worthy of my highest care—my constant study.

"Humanity is my SACRAMENT, for he that "drinks deep" from the fountain of benevolence, will become strengthened in kindly purpose; and in the same ratio that he cherishes love for his brother man, will he feel the benign influence of the christian charities enlarging and beautifying his own soul."

We have space only to quote some of the more important of the letters:

LETTER FROM JOHN BRIGHT.

ROCHDALE, January 3, 1868.

DEAR SIR,—I do not think the punishment of death is necessary to the security and well-being of society, and I believe its total abolition would not tend to increase crimes which it is now supposed by many persons to prevent. The security and well-being of society do not depend on the severity of punishments. Barbarism in the law promotes barbarism among those subject to the law; and acts of cruelty under the law, become examples of similar acts done contrary to the law.

The real security for human life is to be found in a reverence for it. If the law regarded it as inviolable, then the people would begin also so to regard it. A deep reverence for human life is worth more than a thousand executions, in the prevention of murder; and is, in fact, the great security for human life. The law of capital punishment, whilst pretending to support this reverence, does, in fact, tend to destroy it.

If the death penalty is of any force, in any case, to deter from crime, it is of much more force in lessening our chief security against it; for it proclaims the fact that kings, parliament, judges, and juries, may determine when and how men may be put to death by violence; and familiarity with this idea can not strengthen the reverence for human life.

To put men to death for crimes, civil or political, is to give proof of weakness rather than strength, and of barbarism rather than Christian civilization.

If the United States could get rid of the gallows, it would not stand long here. One by one, we "Americanize" our institutions; and I hope, in all that is good, we may not be unwilling to follow you.

I am, very truly yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

M. H. BOVEE Wisconsin.

LETTER FROM CHARLES SUMNER.

BOSTON, 18th Sept., 1868.

MY DEAR SIR:—My opinions on the subject of capital punishment have been often declared, and are in print. The right to take life stands simply on the overruling necessity of self-defense, the State as in the individual man; for no combination of men can have higher rights in this respect than the individual. If the individual man can defend himself without taking life, he is bound to do so; and this is the limitation imposed by natural law and reason upon the State. Now, nothing is clearer than that, whatever may have been the exigencies of other days, the time has gone by when the life of a State can be saved only by taking life. Every execution now seems like a confession of weakness, if not of cowardice.

It belongs to a true civilization to settle this question on grounds of humanity and justice, mindful that every example of violence, even by the State, is injurious to public morals. But in removing capital punishment, we must be careful to establish other punishments which shall be enforced to the end, with all the benign austerity of justice; so that the criminal, though spared for repentance and reformation, may not be let loose upon the community.

I am glad that you are attacking the gallows, another relic of barbarism. Faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

MARVIN H. BOVEE, ESQ.

LETTER FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BOSTON, July 30th, 1868.

DEAR SIR: What we need in this country is a rigid enforcement of law. The offender, rich or poor, should be absolutely certain that he will lose his liberty, and live on bread and water, at hard labor, until he is fit again to be trusted with his natural and civil rights. The large untrained mass sent us from abroad, makes this still more necessary than heretofore.

But the term "punishment" should be banished from all discussion as to how to treat crime. Criminal though an act be, *man* does not punish; he merely restrains the offender in order to protect society and reform the criminal.

Time-sentences should be abolished. A man should be restrained until he is fit again to mingle in society; no matter how long an imprisonment that may require, or how trivial the offense.

The gallows, therefore, I abolish altogether. It never could have been defended except on the ground of absolute necessity, in order to protect society. It would be absurd to make any such plea for it now, since we all know that, with the resources of modern times, we can keep a man within four walls as long as we see fit. *That* guards the community; *and we have no right to punish him in order to deter others from following in his steps.* The moment a man violates law, he forfeits his civil rights; this gives society the right, and imposes on it the duty, of subjecting him to the best moral influences it can command, as long as is needed to make him a good citizen; this is all the right society acquires over him, and this does not justify the gallows.

Yours truly,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Hon. M. H. BOVEE, Wisconsin.

LETTER FROM HORACE GREELEY.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION,
ALBANY, N. Y., September 23d, 1867.

MY FRIEND:—My objections to Capital Punishment may be summed up in a few words. They are:

1. *I hate vengeance.* If I am ever revengeful, I hate myself for being so. Vengeance is a barbarous, cruel, malignant passion, which I would not teach my children, nor *any* children. The gallows *does* teach it—always *did* teach it—always *will* teach it. The boy who runs to see a man hung, will be taught thereby to seek to injure every one he deems his enemy, or who he supposes has injured or wronged him. This is Paganism—possibly Judaism;—it is *not* Christianity, as I have learned that religion. I revere the cross, and detest the gallows.

2. *I dread human fallibility.* Men are prejudiced, passionate, and too often irrational. To-day they shout "Hosanna!" and to-morrow howl "Crucify him!" I would save them from the harsher consequences of their own frenzy. Our Saviour is by no means a solitary example of the unjust execution of the innocent and just. Socrates, Cicero, Sir Walter Raleigh, Algernon Sidney, John Huss, Michael Servetus, Louis XVI., the Duc d'Enghein, Marshal Ney, Riego, Nogy Soudor, Maximilian, are among the conspicuous instances of victims of the law of blood. We have recorded instances of innocent men convicted of murder on their own confession—of men, convicted, sentenced and hung, for offenses whereof they were no wise guilty. Men may suffer unjustly, even though death be stricken from the list of our legal penalties; but to be imprisoned and stripped of property, is quite endurable, compared with the infliction of an ignominious death, in the presence and for the delectation of a howling mob of exulting human brutes. So long as man is liable to error, I would have him reserve the possibility of correcting his mistakes, and redressing the wrongs he is misled into perpetrating.

3. I would affirm and inculcate, as widely and impressively as possible, the *sanctity of human life.* Unlike the French wit, I would have society set its enemies a salutary example. I believe that legal executions incite to, rather than diminish, murders. Yours truly,

HORACE GREELEY.

M. H. BOVEE, ESQ.

LETTER FROM GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO, N. Y., Nov 21st, 1868.

HON. M. H. BOVEE,—*My Dear Sir:*—I have never taken the ground that human life is "inviolable." Nevertheless, I have, for many years, held that there should be no capital punishment in a nation or State where the imprisonment of the convict can be made sure.

I believe that capital punishment exerts a depraving influence on the public mind; and that, whilst it deters the commission of no crime, its tendency is to make all crimes more frequent. Still, should it turn out that the safety of the innocent requires the taking of the life of the guilty, then let it be taken; for the safety of the innocent is the first consideration. But I do not believe that it will require it where the guilty can be shut up beyond the power of escape.

I trust that you will be in Albany the coming winter, to argue with our Legislature for the abolition of capital punishment. With great regard, your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.

LETTER FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AMESBURY, MASS., 1, 11th mo., 1868.

M. H. BOVEE, ESQ.,—*My Dear Friend:*—The state of my health compels me to give only brief answers to thy queries.

I have given the subject of capital punishment much consideration, and have no hesitation in saying that I do not regard the death penalty essential to the security and well-being of society; on the contrary, I believe that its total abolition, and the greater certainty of conviction which would follow, would tend to diminish, rather than increase, the crimes it is intended to prevent.

Wishing thee God speed in thy labors to remove from our statute books this relic of barbarism.

I am, very truly, thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The book also contains many other letters of much interest and of great value as testimony against the barbarous system of hanging. It may be had of all booksellers. Price two dollars.

"LAMPS, PITCHERS AND TRUMPETS" is the title of a nicely bound book of 445 pages, by Edwin Paxton Hood, published by M. W. Dodd, 506 Broadway. It is dedicated to Charles Haddon Spurgeon, and is composed of a series of lectures on the vocation of the preacher, illustrated by anecdotes, biographical and historical, of various eminent preachers.

"Preaching to the intellect," says the author; "is as a lamp; it sheds light over truth, over processes of argument, over means of conviction; preaching to the conscience is as a trumpet, it calls up the soul from slumber, it makes it restless and unquiet; preaching to the experience is as a pitcher, it bears refreshment, cools and and calms the fever of the spirit, and it consoles and comforts the heart."

The book is one of much interest to the class of readers to whom it appeals.

The author has in press for publication, uniform with this volume, a second series of lectures, treating of the pulpit of our own age and times, and discussing the sermons of more modern preachers.

THE TEMPORARY HOME FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN at 24 Kneeland street, Boston, has now in charge two colored boys, about six years of age,—twins,—both interesting and capable; one remarkably bright and worthy of the best education. They are there waiting to be taken, or adopted by some family. No one who sees them fails to be struck with their noticeable ability. If any reader of this knows of any one wishing to adopt them, please address Mrs. Gwynn, No. 24 Kneeland street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

AN IMPORTANT DISINFECTANT.—We are doing our readers a valuable service in directing their attention to the remarkable disinfectant and family remedy known as "Darby's Prophylactic Fluid," and manufactured in this city by our friends, J. Darby & Co., 161 William street. We know from our acquaintance with the gentleman interested in it, from the great reputation of Professor Darby as a scientific scholar, and better from our own actual experience, that the "fluid" fully comes up to all that is claimed for it. Those who wish to purify the air of the sick room, deodorize a foul atmosphere, cure a wound, sore, or burn, should get a supply of this fluid, and they will thank us for calling their attention to it.—*Christian Advocate.* It

Special Notices.

PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We have completed arrangements which enable us to offer, as an additional premium for new subscribers, a life-like, handsomely finished, medium sized photograph of JOHN G. WHITTIER. It is of the same size, and in the same finished style, as that of Mr. Phillips, and by the same artist, Mr. Augustus Marshall, 145 Tremont street, Boston. As a photographer, Mr. Marshall is equalled by few, and surpassed by none in Boston, or elsewhere. Each photograph will be accompanied by Mr. Whittier's autograph. We doubt not that many of our readers, by whom everything from Mr. Whittier's pen is fondly treasured, will be glad to avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to obtain a recent and truthful likeness of him. It is the best we have ever seen of him and will, we have no doubt, give excellent satisfaction to his numerous friends.

To any one who will remit to us for two new subscribers, one year, ($6), or to any old subscriber, remitting also for one new subscriber ($6), we will send post paid a copy of the excellent photograph of Mr. Whittier.

To any one remitting for three new subscribers, ($9), or renewing, and remitting for two new subscribers ($9), we will send one copy of the photograph of John G. Whittier, and one of Wendell Phillips.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON'S new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deser

Miscellaneous Department.

THE CHANGELING.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I had a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some wise divine
The depth of his infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover,
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me!

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingar,
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled.
When I wake in the morning I see it,
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky.

As weak, yet as trustful, also,
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature,
Still worked for the love of me.
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bliss it upon my breast.
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

HOROLOGY.

What should we do without clocks and watches? Is there anything comparable to the misery of being benighted on a country road with a watch that has stopped in one's waistcoat pocket, and not a clock within view to tell one the time? The sun has set, every minute's tramping on the dusky, murky road seems as an hour. We have a train to catch—a dinner to be in time for, or a district meeting to attend, at which it won't do to be late. On ordinary occasions, when cool and collected, we might be able to compute the time, but in straits like these, our reckoning deserts us. It may be five, or six, or seven, for all we know; we should not be surprised to hear it was eight. Our notions get muddled, and on we trudge, breathless, nervous and irritable, pretty certain, too, to find in the end that we have been fretting ourselves for nothing.

But it is of no use asking how we should get on without clocks and watches. The timepiece may almost be said to be the mainspring of civilization. It is so intimately connected with all our wants, it is so completely the regulator of all our occupations, that we have become, as it were, its slaves; and we can no more imagine a state of social existence without it than we can imagine birds flying without wings, or any other thing that is totally impossible.

The first people who appear to have allotted the day into portions were the Assyrians, who invented the water-clock at a period too remote for precise calculation. All we know for certain is, that the apparatus existed before the overthrow of the first Assyrian empire by Arbaces and Belesis, in the year 759 B. C., for we find by the traditions of early Persian authors that the use of it was general in Nineveh under the reign of Phúl, better known as Sardanapalus the Second, the first monarch of the second Assyrian empire. This water-clock was nothing more than a brass vessel of cylindrical shape, holding several gallons of water. A very small hole was bored in one of its sides, through which the liquid was allowed to trickle; and it was calculated that the vessel could empty itself about five or six times a day. Under the reign of Phul, the royal palace of Nineveh, and each of the principal districts of the city, possessed a water-clock, of the same shape and capacity. They were filled together, or as nearly as possible together, at the signal of a watchman stationed aloft on a tower to proclaim the rising of the sun, and they remained all day in the keeping of officials, whose business it was to fill them as soon as they became empty. There was a regular staff of criers employed in connection with each of the time offices, and as often as the water-clocks were replenished they spread through the streets shouting out the fact for the benefit of the townspeople. In this way a sort of rough computation of the flight of time was held. The intervals between the filling and emptying of the vessels were called "watches," and were, probably, of two hours or two hours and a half's duration. But it is hard to suppose that the water-clocks kept very steady pace with each other; the difficulty of making by hand vessels of the same size, of drilling them with holes of precisely the same diameter, and of supplying them with water of just the same density, must have given rise to even more irregularity in the working of these machines than exists at present in the movements of our city clocks—those clocks of which Charles Lamb said that they allowed him to walk from the Strand to Temple Bar in no time, and gain five minutes!

The water-clock, or clepsydra, continued to remain in its primitive condition for many centuries; and it was not until the invention of the sun-dial at Alexandria, five hundred and fifty-eight years before Christ, that it underwent any improvement. About that time, however, an Egyptian of Memphis added a dial with a hand to the clepsydra. The hand revolved on a pivot, and communicated with a string which was fastened to a float. As the water leaked out the float fell with it, and the tension of the string caused the hand to move by spasmodic jerks, something like those of the second-hand on a watch of inferior make.

This reform, meritorious enough in theory, proved somewhat deficient in practice; for the old difficulty about getting the clocks to keep step was doubled or trebled when the system became complicated with dial, needle, string and float. To insure simultaneous acting, the string or wire of the different clocks ought to have been of the same length and force; the needles also ought to have been of a size and set on pivots exactly similar in point of height and circumference. And when all this had been obtained, there was still the question as to how to make float and string, string and needle, act in perfect unison. Often, through rust, or some other cause, the needle must have proved obdurate to the faint tug of the string, and the float, in consequence, have remained suspended in mid air; whereupon, of course, the dial became mute, and Egyptians, who disliked innovations, must have shrugged their shoulders. But, notwithstanding its drawbacks, the improvement was a very valuable one, if for no other reason than that it prepared the way for further changes, and led to the perfecting of the clepsydra by the substitution of a system of dented wheels for that already in use. The wheels were set at work on the watermill principle, and the addition of a second needle to the dial allowed the clock to mark the fractions of the different "watches." This was the *ne plus ultra* as far as the clepsydra was concerned; it dates from two hundred and fifty years before Christ, and Egypt, which had become the great mart of the new timepieces, exported them to the different countries of the East as rare curiosities and at fabulous prices. When Pompey returned to Rome, in the year sixty-two before Christ, from triumphing over Tigranes, Antiochus and Mithridates, one of the most valuable trophies he brought with him from the treasures of the king of Pontus was a clepsydra, marking the hours and minutes according to the method of horology in use at Rome. The cylinder which served as a receptable for the water was gold, as was also the dial-plate. The hands were studded with small rubies, and each of the cyphers that denoted the twenty-four hours was cut out of a sapphire. It must have been of enormous size, for the cylinder only needed replenishing once a day. The Romans had never seen anything like it, and when Pompey caused it to be set up in the chief hall of the capitol, it needed a strong guard of soldiers to protect it against the indiscreet curiosity of the mob.

We come now to those ages of total darkness which followed the overthrow of the Roman empire, when science, art and everything that was refined fell into contempt and oblivion. The barbarians who conquered the imperial city had very primitive modes of marking the course of time. They knew nothing about hours and minutes; they had not sense enough to invent water-clocks, and sun-dials, even had they been acquainted with them, would have served them but little in lands such as theirs, where the sun only shone on rare occasions, and where cold, fog and rain held sway for half the year.

However, it was necessary that they should know when to prepare their meals of half-cooked meat, when to gather in circles to listen to the preaching of their druids, and when to relieve the sentries who mounted guard on the outskirts of their settlements; and so this is what they imagined. At the break of dawn, when the chieftain of the camp or village rose, a boy-slave came and took up his position at the entrance of his hut, and sat down with two helmets, one full of pebbles and the other empty, before him. His business was to transfer the pebbles, one by one, and not too fast, from the first helmet to the second, after which he surrendered his turn to some one else, who repeated the operation, and so on till dusk. As the helmets were mostly very big, and the pebbles, on the contrary, very small, the process of emptying must have taken a good two hours. It is probable, therefore, that the days of these Franks and Norsemen, Teutons and Vandals, were divided, like those of the Assyrians, into six parts or watches. As soon as a helmet had been emptied, the fact was proclaimed through the camp by the striking of a sword against a shield, gong fashion, at the chieftain's door. The echo was caught up around, and men knew that dinner-time had come.

But this was not the only method of marking the time. There were other ways, which differed according to the locality and the pursuits of the people. In peasant districts, the laborer reckoned by the number of furrows he could plow, or, if it was harvest time, by the quantity of corn he could reap. In towns, where some faint remnant of Roman civilization survived, the reckoning was kept by watchmen. At daybreak a soldier started on foot (or, if the town was a large one, on horseback) to walk round the city. When he had gone his round the first watch was over; and he returned to his quarters blowing loud on a trumpet, whilst a second soldier set out in silence to perform the second watch. This continued uninterruptedly day and night, the only difference being that after sunset there was no trumpet-blowing, and that the watchmen, instead of proceeding singly, went their rounds in batches of ten or a dozen.

Finally, as a last instance of barbarous chronometry, we may allude to the method employed in monasteries, the first of which, founded by St. Benedict, was instituted at the beginning of the sixth century (A. D. 523). The monks were in the habit of computing time by the number of prayers they could gabble, and it was hence that the custom of wearing chaplets of beads arose. The task assigned to each monk was to recite as many *Paters* and *Aves* as there were beads on his string, and as the orthodox number on a chaplet was supposed to be then, as it is now, thirty-three—that is, one for each year of our Savior's life—there was work for a full hour and a half, if conscientiously performed. As in the case of the urban watchmen, one monk was relieved by another, and the termination of each "vigil" was notified to the community by the tolling of the chapel bell. We may add that this custom continues unaltered in certain monastic establishments. In monasteries of a severe order there is no such thing as a clock to be seen. The only time-keepers are the shorn, becowled monks kneeling in perpetual adoration.

A century after the final overthrow of the Roman Empire, the habit of reckoning by hours and minutes had completely disappeared from Western Europe. One by one every vestige of art and science disappeared, and had it not been for the kingdoms of the East, which kept the flame of science just flickering whilst the West was in darkness, our present system of horology would have fallen into complete abeyance. It was the famous Caliph of Bagdad, Haroun-al-Raschid, who restored the old water-clock to Europe. In the year 807 he sent a magnificent clepsydra as a token of friendship to Charlemagne; but it seems that the present was looked upon as a thing to be rather admired than copied, for we find no mention of any water-clocks of French make until the reign of Philip, cotemporary of William the Conqueror. Perhaps the reason of this is that the sand-glass (sablier) had been invented in France shortly before the accession of Charlemagne, and that this last contrivance was judged more handy and simple than the other. The first sablier was made by the same man who reinvented the blowing of glass, after the secret had been lost for some centuries. He was a monk of Chartres, named Luitprand, and the sand-glass he made was the exact prototype of all those that have been manufactured since. It consisted of two receptacles of pear-like shape joined by their slender ends. When the sand had all run out from one to the other, the lower glass was turned uppermost and kept in that position till empty. Shortly after he had received the gift of Haroun-al-Raschid, Charlemagne caused a monster sablier to be made with the horal divisions marked on the outside by thin lines of red paint. This was the first *hour-glass*. It required to be turned over once only in twelve hours, and if it was blown with anything like the care which modern hour-glasses are, it must have kept time with as much precision as the best of lever clocks. Indeed, it is not rare to hear people declare, even nowadays, that the hour-glass is the best timepiece that ever was invented.

Whilst France was thus showing to the front in matters of science, Old England, with true conservative instinct, was still making time in a host of antiquated, inconvenient ways. Neither did our ancestors betray any greater disposition to adopt the French inventions than we do in these days when it is a question of taking up some good reform that comes to us from abroad. King Alfred, who reigned from 872 to 900, must certainly have heard speak of the hour-glass; it is even very probable that he possessed one of his own, for the monks and pilgrims, who were continually traveling to and fro between England and France, would not have allowed a whole century to elapse without bringing a specimen of the new invention to this country. And yet Alfred devised a method of computing time by means of a rushlight set in a lantern. Anything more unsatisfactory and more expensive than this it was impossible to imagine. A rushlight, in those days, must have cost two or three pence of our money; and, as the process of refining tallow had not then been discovered, there were no means whatever of reckoning how long one of these luminaries would take in burning. One might very well flicker and splutter for an hour, whilst a second was just as likely to flame away in ten minutes. It was not till the reign of Edward the Confessor (1041—1066) that the use of the hour-glass became pretty general in England; and the first water-clock seen in this kingdom was one brought from France by Richard Cœur de Lion, a few years before he ascended the throne.

We must now skip two centuries, during which horology made no sensible progress, and come to the reign of Charles the Fifth of France, when the first real clock was set up. This was in the year 1374. The maker was one Henri de Vic, an Arab, who had been converted to Christianity. This clock was a monster machine, weighing five hundred weight. It was moved by weights, was possessed of a horizontal lever, and provided with a bell to toll the time. There is a full description of it in Froissart. It was put up in the round tower of the royal palace (now the Palais de Justice), and attracted enormous crowds every day for several months after it had been erected. The maker received a pension of a hundred crowns of gold for life, and was ennobled. He is the first artificer upon whom this distinction was ever conferred in France.

From this time the making of large clocks for public edifices was carried on very extensively over Europe; but it was not until the beginning of the sixteenth century that small clocks were made for apartments. The first we know of came from Florence, in 1518, as a present from Julio di Medici (afterwards Pope Clement the Seventh) to Francis the First of France. It was also in this same sixteenth century that horology was first applied to astronomical calculations by Purbach in 1500. In 1560, the Danish astronomer, Tycho-Brahe, the teacher of the great Kepler, set up in his magnificent observatory of Craniesburg a clock which marked both the minutes and the seconds.

The invention of watches had preceded by a few years that of small clocks. Our ideas of a primitive watch are always associated with a turnip; but it was not until the seventeenth century, when the Scotchman, Graham, invented the cylindrical escapement, that watches assumed this respectable but inconvenient shape. At first they affected all sorts of fancy forms, such as those of acorns, olives, walnuts, and crosses. They cost fabulous sums of money, and were generally worn as pendants hanging by a gold chain from ladies' bracelets. Claude, wife of Francis the First, had one so small that it was set in a ring.

Popular tradition ascribes the invention of watches to Peter Hele of Nuremberg, in the year 1490. But, then, it is a notorious fact that King Robert of Scotland possessed one so far back as the year 1310. The only way in which we can account for this discrepancy is by the supposition that watches were originally invented by a Scotchman, but that the maker died suddenly without promulgating his secret. German watches were not introduced at the English court until 1597. The first seen in England was worn by the beautiful Lady Arabella Stuart.

It is to Hugens of Zulichem that the greatest, we might almost say the last, progress in the art of horology is due. But Hugens only caught up an idea that had first occurred to the great Galileo. Everyone knows the story of the lamp suspended to the vault of the cathedral of Pisa, the oscillation of which caused the astronomer to reflect that the isochronal movements of pendulums might well be applied to the measuring of time. Galileo was only a boy when he stood watching the cathedral lamp swing; but many years after, that is in 1630, the thought came into his head again, and he drew up a plan on paper for the making of a pendulum clock. His invention went no further, however, and the honor of putting his theories into practice was reserved for Hugens, who, in 1657, forwarded to the States General of Holland the description of a timepiece, constructed on the new principles. Its perfection lay in the introduction of the pendulum and of the spiral mainspring. The name of Hugens deserves to be remembered, for his pendulum clock is the most admirable and yet most simple machine that has ever been invented.

The invention of spring pocket watches, such as we now wear, is owing to the Englishman Hooke, it dates from 1658; and eighteen years after this, in the year 1676, the first repeating watch was made at Amsterdam. From this time until the present century, when chronometers and stop-watches were invented, the science of horology received no further developments; neither do we well see how it can receive any, unless some future Hele or some future Hugens discovers a method of making clocks go by electricity without giving us the trouble of winding.

In these days it is a mooted point as to which is the best country in which to buy a watch or clock. In the last century it was universally admitted that the watches of Geneva were unrivaled, whilst the sculptured wooden-case clocks made in the Hartz mountains of Germany had the reputation of being the surest-goers, as well as the most valuable in point of artistic merit. Now-a-days, however, Geneva, from wishing to make too cheaply, has somewhat lost her prestige for making well, and Swiss watches have come to be looked upon with some disfavor, especially in England. The battle seems to lie now by general consent between France and Great Britain, our neighbors priding themselves upon the exquisite beauty of their ladies' watches, whilst we, on the contrary, carry off the palm for the soundness and finish of our men's watches.

But there is one branch of horology in which the French cannot even attempt to compete with us, and that is in the making of chronometers. English chronometers are held incomparable the whole world over, and this is no wonder when we remember the severe tests to which all official chronometers (that is, those used in her Majesty's Navy) are subjected before they are approved by the sign-manuel of the Astronomer Royal. All naval chronometers have undergone a probationary stage of six months, a year, and in some cases two years at the Greenwich Observatory, before receiving their liceat to go over the seas. During this time they are submitted to a whole series of scientific experiments, comprising all possible changes of temperature, ordeal by fire, and ordeal by water. So that it may well be said when one of them passes the examination, that the man who has made it deserves something better than the title of mechanic; he should take rank as an artist, and a first-rate artist too.

In conclusion, we may remark that the Greenwich Observatory is often a depository for other chronometers than those which are intended for the fleet. Conscientious makers send the chronometers they intend for the public to be tested there before offering them for sale; and we should advise anybody about to purchase one of these valuable time-keepers to insist on the Greenwich mark upon it, as he would for the Hall mark if buying silver plate. It is well to be always on the safe side.

HOPE!

There's many a step in the path of life
That we walk with hearts that are bleeding,
There is many a life, through constant strife
Finds naught in this world worth heeding.

To such sorrowful souls, how little of hope,
And the beautiful trust that ne'er faileth,
Of promise so bright, which would fill with delight
And gladden each heart, gloom prevaileth.

There is many a pearl in the walks of life
That we pass in our sinful blindness;
There is many a mortal we could bless,
If our hearts were but filled with kindness.

Oh! better to trust, though the storm beats low;
Far better than sad repinings;
Far better to give, more blessed to bestow,
Our love with kind acts entwining.

Far better to hope, though all seems dark,
And no light through the gloom is dawning;
Far better to trust, far better believe
"Joy cometh with the morning."

The frequent marriage of widows seems to have been always more or less discouraged, men being allowed in this respect much greater liberty; but St. Jerome mentioned a widow who married her twenty-second husband, he in his turn, having been married to twenty successive wives. The championship appears, however, to belong to a Harlem woman spoken of by Evelyn, in his Diary, whose propensity for remarrying had to be checked by law: "She had been married to her twenty-fifth husband, and being now a widow, was prohibited to marry in future."

The Taylor Jug.—Do you know what it is? Dr. Tyng met an emigrant family going West. On one of the wagons there hung a jug with the bottom knocked out. "What is that?" asked the doctor. "Why, it is my Taylor jug," said the man. "And what is a Taylor jug?" asked the doctor again. "I had a son in Gen. Taylor's army in Mexico, and the general always told him to carry his whiskey jug with a hole in the bottom, and that's it. It is the best invention I ever met with for hard drinkers."

The editor of the *Carson Appeal* recently saw a white boy and a little colored boy hitched up together as horses and a China boy was holding the reins and driving them.

WEDDED LOVE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

And if the husband or the wife
In home's strong light discovers
Such slight defaults as failed to meet
The blinded eyes of lovers,

Why need we care to ask? who dreams
Without their thorns of roses,
Or wonders that the truest steel
The readiest spark discloses?

For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living:
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

CHILDREN.

"A little child shall lead them."

One cold market morning I looked into a milliner's shop, and there I saw a hale, hearty, well-browned young fellow from the country, with his long cart whip, and lion shag coat, holding up some little matter, and turning it about on his great fist. And what do you suppose it was? A baby's bonnet! A little, soft, blue satin hood, with a swan's down border, white as the new fallen snow, with a frill of rich blonde around the edge.

By his side stood a very pretty woman holding, with no small pride, the baby—for evidently it was the baby. Any one could read that fact in every glance, as they looked at each other, and then at the large unconscious eyes, and fat, dimpled cheeks of the little one.

It was evident that neither of them had ever seen a baby like that before.

"But really, Mary," said the young man, "isn't three dollars very high?"

Mary very prudently said nothing, but taking the little bonnet, tied it on the little head, and held up the baby. The man looked, and without another word down went the three dollars—all the avails of last week's butter; as they went out of the shop, it was hard to say which looked the most delighted with the bargain.

"Ah," thought I, "a little child shall lead them."

Another day, as I was passing a carriage factory along one of our principal back streets, I saw a young mechanic at work on a wheel. The rough body of a carriage stood beside him, and there, wrapped up snugly, all hooded and cloaked, sat a little dark-eyed girl, about a year old, playing with a great shaggy dog. As I stopped, the man looked up from his work, and turned admiringly towards his little companion, as much as to say, "See what I have got here!"

"Yes," thought I, "and if the little lady ever gets a glance from admiring swains as sincere as that, she will be lucky."

Ah, these children, little witches, pretty even in all their faults and absurdities. See for example, yonder little fellow in a naughty fit. He has shaken his long curls over his deep blue eyes; the fair brow is bent in a frown; the rosy-leaf lip is pushed up in defiance; and the white shoulder thrust angrily forward. Can any but a child look so pretty, even in his naughtiness?

Then comes the instant change; flashing smiles and tears, as the good comes back all in a rush, and you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises, and kisses! They are irresistible, too, these little ones. They pull away the scholar's pen, tumble about his paper, make somersets over his books: and what can he do? They tear up newspapers, litter the carpets, break, pull, and upset, and then jabber unheard-of English in self-defence; and what can you do for yourself?

"If I had a child, says the precise man, "you should see."

He does have a child, and his child tears up his papers, tumbles over his things, and pulls his nose, like all other children; and what has the precise man to say for himself? Nothing: he is like everybody else; "a little child shall lead them."

The hardened heart of the worldly man is untouched by the guileless tones and simple caresses of his son; but he repays it in time by imparting to his boy all the crooked tricks and callous maxims which have undone himself.

Go to the jail, the penitentiary, and find there the wretch most sullen, brutal and hardened. Then look at your infant son. Such as he is to you, was to some mother was this man. That hand was soft and delicate; that rough voice was tender and lisping; fond eyes followed him as he played, and he was rocked and cradled as something holy. There was a time when his heart, soft, and unworn, might have opened to questionings of God and Jesus, and been sealed with the seal of heaven. But harsh hands seized it; fierce goblin lineaments were impressed upon it; and all is over with him forever!

So, of the tender, weeping child, is made the callous, heartless man; of the all believing child, the sneering skeptic; of the beautiful and modest, the shameless and abandoned; and this is what the world does for the little one.

There was a time when the Divine One stood on earth, and little children sought to draw near to him. But harsh human beings stood between him and them, forbidding their approach. Ah, has it not always been so? Do not even we, with our hard and unspiritual habits and maxims, stand like a dark screen between our little child and its Savior, and keep even from the choice bud of our hearts the sweet radiance which might unfold it for Paradise? "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," is still the voice of the Son of God; but the cold world still closes around and forbids. When, of old, disciples would question their Lord of the higher mysteries of his kingdom, he took a little child and set him in the midst, as a sign of him who should be greatest in heaven. The gentle teacher remains still to us. By every hearth and fireside Jesus still sets the little child in the midst of us.

Wouldst thou know, O parent! what is that faith which unlocks heaven? Go not to wrangling polemics, or creeds and forms of theology, but draw to thy bosom thy little one, and read in that clear, trusting eye, the lesson of eternal life. Be only to thy God as thy child is to thee, and all is done. Blessed shalt thou be indeed, "when a little child shall lead thee."

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

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